

THE DIAL

A Fortnightly Journal of Literary Criticism, Discussion, and Information.

Vol. LX. APRIL 13, 1916 No. 716.

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IDEAS, SEX, AND THE NOVEL.

We have been hearing a good deal lately about the novel of ideas. It is understood to be a comparatively recent product; not at all the same thing, for instance, as the problem novel we used to be hearing of. To put it concretely, one is to the other as Mr. H. G. Wells to Mrs. Humphry Ward. Mr. Wells and his disciples are supposed to stand particularly for this new kind of thing. They are not simply story-tellers; they have a larger function. When they sit down to write novels, it is a pretty serious business. Not that they pull a long face over it: motley is their wear. But it is not, so to speak, their underwear; that article we take to be stout buckram or chain-mail. For these are warriors of the mind. Their real affair is not to entertain people, but to propagate the faith; and their weapon is the "idea."

Unluckily, it is rather hard in practice to tell an idea from an abstract theory, or a personal prejudice, or a poetic fancy, or a fact recorded, or a platform, or a mere notion. But, as far as we can detach them, most of the serious ideas in current fiction seem to be based on reaction. This, of course, is the natural thing. Every age has its modernism, and modernism is always first of all a revolt against the smug and orderly past,—a search for reality, a "return to nature." Therefore the current novel of ideas is anti-Victorian or anti-Georgian first, and (perhaps) something else next. Often our champions of the present find it hard to turn away from the pleasantest and easiest part of their task—gunning for the past. The ridicule of ancestors is now almost as obligatory among Western peoples as their worship is in China. The unpardonable sin is regard for convention: we must be jolted out of that before anything can really be done for us. And the novel, with its fulcrum of the story, its (inherited) pretence of entertainment, is as handy a tool as may be,—unless you are among the lucky ones, the Shaws (if twain there be), who have somehow got a thumb upon the theatre. Yet these new novelists of

ours, with the ideas, cannot be disposed of as mere pretenders. Most of them display undeniable quality as story-tellers. They have the technique of the art at their fingers' ends, are entirely at home upon those high levels of workmanship which are the peculiar vaunt of our time. They can do what they like with their material—as far as the limits of their talent and the nature of their material let them.

One of Henry James's last critical excursions led him into this bailiwick of the "new" novel. He found there great talent (always a little short of genius), expressing "an appetite for a closer notation, a sharper specification of the signs of life, of consciousness, of the human scene and the human subject in general, than the three or four generations before us had been at all moved to insist on." He found there also an "inordinate possession" of concrete materials, a knack of "saturation," and of subsequent expression as you express the water from a full sponge or the juice from a ripe orange. And alongside of such saturations with scene or type as that of Mr. Bennett with the Five Towns and the middle-class provincialism they embody, he observes certain other saturations of less material sort,—as that of Mr. Hugh Walpole with the spirit of youth, or that of Mr. Wells with his own ideas. Mr. Wells, he says, is "a novelist very much as Lord Bacon was a philosopher," and is satisfied to "turn out his mind and its contents upon us by any free familiar gesture and as from a high window forever open." Mr. Wells did not relish this view of him, and retorted upon his critic with a lively caricature in the "Boon" volume. But there is more than a little truth in it, if not the whole truth, as applied, I think, not only to Mr. Wells, but to some of the younger men whose saturation Mr. James refers to the material plane. Unluckily, as with Mr. Wells, their inordinate possession of facts is almost inextricably involved with their inordinate possession by ideas.

What then, their realistic method of story-telling apart, are the ideas these "new" novelists present? Alas, what is an idea? Usage gives us choice of a dozen meanings. Mr. Wells turns out for our examination, at one time or another, pretty much every kind of mental exhibit that the term can possibly include,—prejudices, enthusiasms, grave the-

ories, fantastic theories, dreams, forecasts. One mood—or, if you choose, idea—prevails. Mr. Wells is a prophet, and his glorious future, like most glorious futures, hangs upon a demolished past. Things are wrong,—smash them! Then we'll see about building up again. The "mind of the race" exists, but half-enslaved: it is bound to express itself fully when once it has made sure of its freedom. How pitifully, after all the centuries, we are tied to empty forms! Religion,—how ineffectual; government,—how clumsy; the attitude of age towards youth,—how futile; marriage,—how deadly in its possibilities! The whole question of sex,—how crucial, how absorbing, how absorbent of all other questions that exist under the canopy!

Revolt, progress, "new" movements,—when have they not centred in an attempted readjustment of the sex-affair? You may tinker with other established human relations, but not too rudely, if you really expect a serious hearing. Society, after all, depends on some sort of government for its safety. Men will always be cajoling themselves with some kind of religion. But the marriage-tie, the fetich of sex-morality regulated by code,—here, at least, is a convention we can rid ourselves of comfortably. It is a nuisance to begin with,—and the existence of the race by no means hangs upon it. Here, therefore, is the place to strike in, when we set about disposing of the old lumber piled around us by the muddling past. Mr. Wells (to return to our example) is concerned with many other themes, and yet he can never get away, in a sense he can never quite afford to get away, from this one. For it is the theme which brings him closest to his audience. His splendid childlike dreams of the future, of a world governed by the "mind of the race" as embodied in a natural and veritable aristocracy, remain dreams after all. They have power to stir the fancy, or even the white corpuscles; and yet they are pretty remote, we secretly feel, from the real business of life as life lives us. On the other hand, when he displays the frailty of the family tie, the discomforts of the marriage relation, when he assures us that we may fitly and even nobly cast off a lot of the burdens we have been taught to smile under,—it is then that he is most warmly read and talked of. Where the prophet has captured his thousands of hear-

ers, the iconoclast has captured his tens of thousands.

I suspect it might be more instructive than edifying if some inspired statistician were to tabulate for us the part played by sexual curiosity and incitement in the public patronage of novels possessing genuine literary merit which have been produced during the past decade or two. Surely, more than one author of serious purpose must have been humiliated by a sense of the meretricious nature of a sudden popularity due to exceptional frankness upon the perennial theme. The pursuit of "realism" has involved special risk of this sort. "The real facts of life" is a phrase which seems too often, as I was saying the other day, to be nothing better than an euphemism for the risky or dreary side of sex. There are, after all, so many other things in the world!—decency among them. Heaven defend us from a return to the prudery of the Victorian regime! The nineteenth century was deplorably fond of playing ostrich. But there are less decent birds,—the parakeet, say. I for one believe that reticence, in life and in art, is a less corrupting influence than loose babbling. By all means let us tell our children all we can, as simply as we can, about the essential facts of sex. But it does not follow that we need introduce them into brothels, or even into our own bedchambers. Let us by all means, as adults, get rid of the smoking-room leer and the boudoir giggle, and speak as men and women, when occasion arises, of matters which concern us. We may still be chary of saddling our physiology and pathology upon the novel or any other form of art.

We may, to take larger ground, be chary of imperiling the true ends of art for the sake of any other ends whatever. It is all very well to say that there is nothing sacred about art, that life is far more important, and that if you can "put across" a working idea under the color of art, so much the better for life. The argument is especially plausible in regard to the novel, partly because it is the loosest and most flexible of all forms of art, and partly because story-telling starts with fable and parable, with instilling ideas and pointing morals. Fable and parable are distinct and intelligible forms, still fit for noble uses,—as William Morris, or more recently Mr. Henry Newbolt, has shown. In the more complex orders of story-telling also, moral and intel-

lectual ideas are bound to be present. In a sense, there never was a story without such an idea, however feebly conceived, behind it. But in the higher orders it stays behind; at least, however unmistakably it may inspire or inform the story, it does not prod and bully it, does not skip about upon the surface, and sacrifice true action and true characterization to its own vanity. What interests me when I take up a new book calling itself a serious novel, is whether I am going to find a garished idea, or an interpretation of life through character and action,—a document, or a true story.

I find the first thing far oftener than the second: that is to be expected. But what ought not to be quite so much a matter of course is that half the time the writer has not really tried to tell a true story. He means to report a case or to expound a theory, or at the best to build a fable,—and he must straightway botch his job by idling with the machinery of action and of character! The mongrel product we proceed to classify and dignify under the name of novel! And indeed it is often hard enough to judge of such books. In a larger sense there is sure to be some idea or system of ideas—some working philosophy, as the phrase goes—behind the labor of every novelist who is anything more than the slave of his mechanism. It may be the idea of man's brutality, or of his angelic possibilities; of the conditions of his domestic happiness or his usefulness in the world. Such an idea is always likely to crop up to the surface and get in the way of the artist's effort, when it should be content to underlie and fructify it. On the other hand, not a few writers who have set out with the vile intention of using fiction as a sugar-coating for their lectures or their sermons have builded better than they knew—have been insensibly seduced into something at least approaching true invention and characterization. They are rather ashamed of that.

Here is a pretty good example of the new novelist and his nonchalant ways. One of the most brilliant of the younger English group gives an account of his entrance into fiction. He had been for some years a student of serious matters, and had published the results of his study through formal channels. He had no wish to be a literary artist, but he saw that the novel offered a popular medium: "I saw that nobody takes a theory seriously

if you say it in a serious book. I saw that I had wasted years on housing and municipal milk; I hurled my blue-books down the basement stairs, and in delicious fury wrote 'The ———.' This, in short, was a novel with an idea or purpose frankly displayed from the first page." It was, the author goes on to confess, "the hot controversial production of a young mind, anxious to strike a blow for woman, to make society swallow the fact that under present conditions woman is driven into abominable trade, to make society ashamed." This is all very well; but the pamphleteer had the story-telling instinct, and duly produced the inevitable hybrid—and succeeded in making a portion of society curious if not ashamed. He had dealt freely, that is, with certain "facts of life," aided by a glamour of art; and he did not care greatly whether that was a false glamour or not. In his later books the story-teller has gained upon the pamphleteer; but, an avowed feminist, he continues to make a rather shameful thing of sex, and it is little less than pitiful to find him still crowing over his ability to shock. It is so easy to be shocking, and so little to the purpose for any man who has it in him to be about the great affirmative business of art.

I have been speaking of the newer English novelists: our own current fiction shows the same confusion of motive and effect. Muck-raking, social and economic problems, sex pathology,—can we never get them out of the foreground? Is the novel so poor a thing as this—a vehicle for theories, for reports, for arguments and rebuttals, for garbage of one sort or another? Or may we rightfully look to it, when it is really itself, as an embodiment, through the interpretation of human character in action, of the great ideas which underlie them,—of truth?

H. W. BOYNTON.

LITERARY AFFAIRS IN PARIS.

(Special Correspondence of THE DIAL.)

From the great mass of war books published during the past year and a half among the French-speaking nations, I have selected for brief notice those which follow mainly because they best illustrate in some way the more spiritual aspects of the present conflict, their authors standing for what is more high-minded or characteristic of the finer part of our poor human nature, whether displayed at the fireside at home or in the trenches at

the front. So this letter should furnish not only some bibliographical data and perhaps a few critical reflections, but may reveal here and there the underlying moral features of the tremendous contest, especially on the admirable French side, where the eyes of the world have been so often centred since the autumn of 1914.

In the first place, it should be noted that many of these writers bear in silence a heavy burden of personal sorrow in addition to their more public weight of grief as citizens of a suffering country. This spirit of solemn earnestness has penetrated their whole work, as you readily perceive when you chance to learn of the existence of this burden, and gives to this work a deep and touching imprint. Let me offer one or two signal instances of this which have recently come under my own eye.

Professor Paul Stapfer, dean emeritus of Bordeaux University, is now seventy-six years old, but is still vigorous intellectually and still adding new volumes to the more than thirty which he has published during a long and active life. When a young man fresh from college, he was the tutor of the grandchildren of Guizot, and a little later, while teacher of French at the Royal Elizabeth College at Guernsey, he became very well acquainted with Victor Hugo. His doctor's thesis was on Laurence Sterne. He was suspended for six months from his duties as dean because of his open support of Dreyfus. Such, briefly told, is the past of the noble scholar who handed me quietly the other day a pamphlet, "Douze Sermons sur la Guerre" (Paris: Fischbacher, 1 fr. 50) containing a dozen sermons preached last autumn in a country parish in the Gironde. The incumbent was at the front, and Professor Stapfer, though not himself of the cloth, was asked to fill the vacant pulpit. These circumstances in themselves would have sufficed to give a certain touch of solemnity to the pamphlet, but when I reached my hotel and glanced at the first page, I read this dedication: "To my grandnephews who have died for our country,"—six in all are mentioned, three bearing the great Protestant name of Monod; a fourth, by the way, also a grandnephew of M. Stapfer, having fallen since the pamphlet was published,— "to those who have disappeared and to those still living."

The case of Raoul Allier is very similar. Professor at the Paris Theological Seminary, and a clergyman by profession, M. Allier was invited by the Protestant boys of the capital, to-day too young to go to the front but who may be called there to-morrow, to deliver before them a series of sermons or lectures

(Paris: "Foi et Vie," 30 centimes each). In the letter asking for the sermons, I inquired after M. Allier's fine son, an Alpinist, whom I have seen grow up from boyhood, and whom the people in the streets would turn and admire as he went by in his jaunty uniform well set off by a graceful carriage and superb physique. The father sent me the lectures, and then added simply, at the very end of his letter: "As for Roger, he disappeared on August 27, 1914, and we have had no news from him since." One may imagine the soul put into these addresses delivered before youths but a little younger than his own boy, many of whom are destined to "disappear" in a similar manner if this dreadful holocaust continues another year.

And the same note of suppressed anguish is breathed in the Belgian war books, only two of which, however, I can find room to mention here. "En Italie avant la Guerre" (Paris et Bruxelles — note this second city on the title-page — Van Oest, 2 frs. 50), and "Les Socialistes et la Guerre Européenne" — the same publisher and price, and the title sufficiently describes the contents — are both by a distinguished Belgian orator and socialist deputy, M. Jules Destrée. This is the dedication of the first of these volumes: "To M. Lorand, Liberal Deputy of Viton, and M. Mélot, Catholic Deputy of Namur, their socialist colleague of Charleroi, in memory of a time when party distinctions disappear before the common desire to defend the outraged Commonwealth." Nor should this statement in Maeterlinck's preface to the volume be overlooked, — that the landlords of the hotel where the poet and the orator ("a formidable orator," the former styles the latter) put up during their tour stating the Belgian case and, indirectly, discreetly pushing Italy towards hostilities, all refused pay, and even the servants declined the traditional *pourboire*, a good example of that indescribable and often unexpected sentimentality of the Latins.

The Paris university world has also been doing some excellent work in influencing foreign public opinion, by editing and issuing a very able series of pamphlets under the general title of "Études et Documents sur la Guerre" (Paris: Colin, 50 centimes each). The aim and spirit of these nine or ten opuscles is well set forth in this extract from a letter of the secretary of the committee of professors who have the work in charge, — Professor Emile Durkheim, who fills the chair of philosophy at the Sorbonne:

Our purpose has been to counteract the propaganda of the Germans among the neutral nations, but by employing a method quite different from that em-

ployed by the Germans. In this propaganda work we remain to-day what we were in time of peace, — savants, historians, sociologists, jurists, etc. Our purpose has been to fix certain aspects of the war by giving to our work all the objectivity of which we are capable. There were subjects which we decided not to touch upon, though the newspapers do not hesitate to treat them, because it seemed to us that we could not establish objectively the wrong-doings of the Germans in these particular cases. But we still had left a sufficient number of subjects for treatment!

And now, after having scattered a hundred thousand of these pamphlets, translated into a half dozen modern tongues, in all parts of the world, this same committee is turning its attention "to home propaganda, our object at present being to give our French people a true picture of the military and economic situation of the belligerents, again leaving to one side the purely political events of the day." These "Lettres à Tous les Français," furnished gratis by Colin, the publisher just mentioned, embrace "Patience, Effort, Confidence," by Professor Durkheim; "La Paix que les Allemands Voudraient Faire," by Professor Ernest Lavisse, the historian and head of the Superior Normal School; and "Le Bloc des Alliances," by Professor Ernest Denis, of the Paris University.

Other university professors who contribute conspicuous books, pamphlets, or essays to the question of the hour are M. Jacques Flach, the French jurist who has written much on Cujas and Jonathan Swift, and who is a member of the Institute and professor at the College of France, — "Le Droit de la Force et la Force du Droit" (Paris: Recueil Sirey, 1 fr. 50); a high-keyed lecture delivered in one of the Paris Protestant churches; M. Léon Pollier, professor at the Toulouse Law School, — "Les Forces de la France d'Hier et de Demain" (Paris: Recueil Sirey, 3 frs.), six lectures delivered last April at Madrid, the author's chief aim being to combat the idea prevailing abroad that this war has brought out a new France, whereas we simply see "the old France to which foreigners had shut their eyes"; M. Eugène d'Eichthal, member of the Institute and director of the well known school in the Rue Saint Guillaume, — "Kant et la Guerre," "Des Évaluations du Coût de la Guerre," and "Après Douze Mois de Guerre" (Paris: Alcan, 50 centimes each), three essays which are worthy of particular attention because of the subjects treated and because of the high position of the author in the economic and educational circles of Paris; M. Paul Seippel, professor at the Zurich Polytechnic School, — "La Défense de notre Indépendance Intellectuelle" (Zurich: Orell Füssli, 25 centimes), an excellent presentation by an able neutral of the difficult position of

troubled Switzerland in the present conflict; and M. Joseph Barthélemy, professor at the Paris Law School,—"Les Institutions Politiques de l'Allemagne Contemporaine" (Paris: Alcan, 3 frs. 50). The author of this last-named book should not be confounded, as often happens, with Professor Henri Berthélemy, also of the Paris University and who also writes on questions of public law. As a young man Joseph Barthélemy studied at Bonn, Heidelberg, and Berlin. "I was especially attracted by Professor Jellinek," he once said to me, "and I think I know well enough German political science, to enjoy the right of not having to admire it." The aim of the book is to show that real political liberty is unknown in Germany—"the accentuation of the anti-parliamentary régime under Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg cannot be questioned"—and hence the cause of danger to the rest of the world. I may add, by the way, that perhaps no other writer has been so often "crowned" by the Institute, M. Barthélemy having been six times a "laureate" of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences.

Mention of Professor Seippel and of Zurich reminds me of the splendid part which the Swiss people in general has been playing in this terrible catastrophe. A single example will suffice. "Le Passage des Rapatriés Français à Zurich" (Bale: Nouvelle Librairie Littéraire, 3 frs.) is a collection of photographs of those forlorn French men, women, and children who, torn from the invaded regions of France by the Germans, are now, provisions becoming scarce, sent back to their desolate homes, where they should have been left in the first place. There are fifty pages of these photographs, generally four to the page, taken by different members of the "Comité des Rapatriés," one of the many spontaneously constituted Swiss groups that have done so much to alleviate the sufferings of their unfortunate neighbors. At the end of the volume, the Rev. William Cuendet, president of the committee, explains in a few pathetic pages what he and his friends have accomplished. It is one of the tenderest episodes of the present war, and it does marked credit to warm and generous Swiss philanthropy.

From Switzerland also comes this rather melancholy and outspoken note from Romain Rolland:

Freedom of speech is too limited in France just now and passions are too excited to make it possible or useful to try and make heard an independent thought. I have said in my published articles all that I can say, for the moment, as a good Frenchman who will not, however, surrender his own reason. I will now wait for a more favorable hour before

speaking again. In the meantime I observe and work in silence. As regards books which judge from an elevated standpoint the present crisis, without yielding to the passions of the day, I practically know none, except they be in manuscript, for at present it is almost impossible to get printed in the belligerent states, except in England perhaps, anything which runs counter to the current of public opinion. Here and there some good article appears, and now and then a book of audacious verse slips through—the poets seem to be regarded as rather inoffensive—and among these last is Jouve's volume.

The book referred to, by the poet P. J. Jouve, "Vous êtes des Hommes" (Paris: Nouvelle Revue Française, 2 frs. 50), is a little collection of vigorous poems suggested by the war and presented in free verse. The author is interesting to Americans in more ways than one. He is about thirty years old, and belongs to a group of young French poets, consisting of Vildrac, Bazalgette, Jean Richard Bloch, and others, who have been strongly influenced by Walt Whitman. "This circle," writes Rolland, "has best preserved during the war a spirit of equity and large humanity." Even Walt's inclination towards nursing the soldiers of our own Civil War seems to have found imitation on the part of his French disciple. Jouve's health was so bad that the military authorities pronounced him unfit for active service, and he might have remained quietly at home with wife and boy. But he volunteered twice for duty in the hospitals, worked there for a year, twice fell ill, and is now at "La Feniére," a villa at Montana, Switzerland, trying to restore his shattered nerves.

A couple of volumes of reprints from the editorial pages of two important Paris reviews deserve attention for several reasons. These are "La Guerre de 1914 vue en son Cours chaque Semaine" (Paris: Delagrave, 3 frs. 50), by M. Paul Leroy-Beaulieu, the learned French political economist, editor of the weekly paper, "L'Economiste Français"; and "L'Allemagne contre l'Europe" (Paris: Perrin, 3 frs. 50), by the late Francis Chalmers. The publisher of this last-named volume informs me that it will be followed by a second which will continue the reprint of M. Chalmers's chroniques of the "Revue des Deux Mondes" down to the day of his death. M. Leroy-Beaulieu's volume extends from August, 1914, to July, 1915. In the first article he said that he thought the war, then just begun, "could not end in less than three months; it may, like that of 1870, last half a year"! The author tells me that the second volume will appear some time toward the end of next summer, and thereupon he adds:

It is not likely that the war will then be finished; so I will have a third volume devoted to the third

year of the hostilities, as the armistice and the negotiations will also doubtless occur in this year, and lead up to the peace, which it will take much time to bring about, on account of the number of belligerents and the enormity of the interests concerned.

Another publication which covers the whole period of the war down to a recent date is the "Histoire de la Guerre par le Bulletin des Armées" (Paris: Hachette, two volumes, 3 frs. each). This is a reprint of the "Bulletin des Armées de la République"—how this title savors of the heroic days of the First Republic!—the little semi-weekly journal issued by the Minister of War and sent to the trenches, often the only reading matter received there for weeks at a time. The paper is not on sale, and this reprint is made to satisfy public curiosity to have a set of this official and yet popularly edited periodical, an interesting evidence of the fact that republican France considers the intellectual condition of her troops of the first importance.

Very different is the series of volumes edited by the veteran Paris journalist, M. Gaston Jollivet (Paris: Hachette, 3 frs. 50 each)—two have already appeared and three or four are to follow,—a sort of brief running account of the operations from day to day, which are a very good supplement to M. Joseph Reinach's "Les Commentaires de Polybe" (Paris: Fasquelle, 4 volumes, 3 frs. 50 each). It will be remembered that the Greek historian Polybius, who lived some two hundred years before our era, was a model of conciseness. "I have always had a great liking for this historian," says the versatile author of these modern commentaries in his preface, "who shows that in politics as in war, however much of the success may be attributed to good luck, coherency in plan and perseverance in resolution count for something, 'often producing finer effects than rashness and hazard,' says the old Greek writer, thus predicting, it might seem, the Joffre of to-day." The appendix to the fourth volume contains some important statements concerning Ferdinand and the Bulgarians which are very timely at this hour.

In this same category of books belongs "Pages d'Histoire" (Nancy: Berger-Levrault, prices varying from 30 to 90 centimes according to the size of the pamphlet). This collection, which now numbers over a hundred separate pamphlets, is edited by M. Robert Steinheil, of the firm which publishes it, and is sent in large quantities to the front. Here will be found the remarkable article by M. Emile Boutroux, on the perversion of the grand soul of the old Germany which we all loved and admired, which article first appeared in the "Revue des Deux Mondes"; M.

Salomon Reinach's "Voix Américaines"; "Les Poètes de la Guerre," giving verses by Jean Aicard, François Fabié, Paul Fort, Rostand, etc.; "Les Volontaires Étrangers," where our American young men who have taken up arms for France receive due praise; and "Chants de Soldat" (1525-1915), including the national airs of the allies.

But a more important volume devoted to soldiers' songs is "Chansons pour les Poilus" (Nancy: Berger-Levrault, 2 frs. 50), written by M. André Alexandre, poet, dramatist—"Madame Chrysanthème" is his work—and prolific song-writer. In a preface to the volume, the well known Paris lawyer, M. Henri Robert, deservedly praises both these songs and their author.

Nor does the attention of the French Government and French writers and artists for the well-being of their soldiers stop with intellectual and more material comforts. "Conseils au Soldat pour sa Santé" (Paris: Wellhoff & Roche, 50 centimes) is a pamphlet issued by the Health Bureau of the War Office and intended as a sanitary guide for the common soldier. It is an admirable little publication, and must be doing a world of good in the ranks.

Even the élite directories reflect the prevailing spirit. One of the oldest of these—it has been appearing for over thirty years—and one of the best, "Tout Paris" (Paris: 55 Chaussée d'Antin, 12 frs.), prints in heavy-faced type the names of the young men and officers of Paris fashionable life who have fallen in battle. The roll is a long one, and the grandest families of historic, literary, and artistic France are represented in it. At the end of the volume is a list with the caption, "Honneur et Patrie," giving not only the names of those "mentioned in dispatches" or decorated, but printing the official statement of why they were so honored. Here again the catalogue is lengthy and brilliant.

Perhaps the best collection in France of everything pertaining to the present war—books, maps, reviews, pamphlets, newspaper-clippings, etc.—is to be found in the "Bibliothèque de la Guerre" of the Lyons Public Library. The librarian writes me that they have correspondents in all parts of the world, exclusive of the diplomatic and consular representatives of France, who are also helping. A special catalogue is now being drawn up. Senator Herriot, the mayor of Lyons, a man of much intellectual and literary polish, is the soul of the whole enterprise.

THEODORE STANTON.

Paris, March 25, 1916.

CASUAL COMMENT.

THE WHEREFORE OF FREE VERSE is set forth with some ingenuity, even if not with entire persuasiveness, by Mr. Edward Storer in "The New Republic." He holds that "a poet who wishes to give expression to realities in modern life will find in practice that he is confined for his literary expression to the two media of prose and free verse"; and the reason of this is that the regular, rhythmical form in which so much of poetic feeling in the past has found expression owes its being to the religious impulse. As these older metrical schemes "lost the primitive force that created them, they also lost their meaning, or a part of their meaning," and it is now "impossible in using them to produce more than a theatrical effect." They may still serve the purposes of amusement, of dilettante literary exercises; but for the adequate utterance of "modern truths, there are the great formlessnesses, the dissipating molten matter of speech, the possibilities of language." So far, Mr. Storer. In reply one might ask whether the religious impulse no longer stirs in human breasts, whether the emotion of awe and reverence in the face of the mystery of existence and the wonders of creation has become a thing of the past. And what has poetry, any more than any other art, to do with "formlessnesses" except to reduce them to form? The poet, etymologically and in the common understanding of the word, is a maker, a fashioner, not a dealer in "great formlessnesses" or "molten matter." One need go no further than the nursery to learn, from the instinctive use of rhyme and metre there, that these regular rhythms, believed by Mr. Storer to belong to a past age, are as much of the present time as is the measured beat of our pulse, or the regular alternation of inhalation and exhalation. The ripple of the ocean waves, the breaking of the surf on the seashore, the swing of the planets in their orbits—these and countless other examples of the rhythm that pervades all nature refute the doctrine that the day of regular rhythms has passed.

PRESIDENT ANGELL'S BREADTH OF CULTURE was the natural result, the earned reward, of his labors in many fields, educational, literary, journalistic, editorial, administrative, and diplomatic. At his death on the first day of this month, in his eighty-eighth year, he had been for more than six years president emeritus of the University of Michigan, after holding the presidency thirty-eight years, before which he had been president of the

University of Vermont, and had held a professorship at Brown University, of which he was a graduate. He had also been United States Minister to China, had received the appointment to a like post at Constantinople, but had soon resigned, had served on two important national commissions, had been a member of the board of regents of the Smithsonian Institution, and had, earlier in life, edited the Providence "Journal" for six or seven years. Agricultural experience on the home farm, studies abroad, the exercise of his pen in authorship, and of his voice on the public platform, with a number of other activities, had contributed in their several ways to his development. In literature his most generally interesting work is his modest volume of "Reminiscences," published four years ago, while his more scholarly side is shown in his earlier works, "Progress in International Law" and "The Higher Education." Magazine articles, lectures, and other short pieces have come from his pen in some abundance. His story of his own life, above referred to, has many a genial touch. No good and pertinent anecdote comes amiss with its author. He illustrates the German love of thoroughness, the *Deutsche Gründlichkeit*, by a brief reference to the literary methods of an author and antiquary with whom he had become acquainted in Braunschweig. This man made a study of the coats-of-arms of the Brunswick chimneys, and wrote a book about them, a "History of the Chimneys of Brunswick," in which, for the sake of thoroughness, he first went back to the chimneys of ancient Greece and Rome, but became convinced, after painstaking research, that the Greeks and Romans had no chimneys; accordingly the first part of his treatise turned out to be a laborious dissertation on the nonexistent chimneys of a chimneyless people. This autobiography of the late James Burrill Angell is, in its way, a notable little book, and a highly readable one.

PROBLEMS IN BOOKSELLING have from the first exercised the wits of those engaged in this trade. As early as 1471 certain printers of the Latin classics in Rome found themselves so embarrassed by the difficulty of getting their wares into the hands of those for whom they were intended, and who unquestionably desired them, that these printers appealed to the Pope for assistance. It was the same problem that still perplexes,—how to bring the book and its buyer most expeditiously and unflinchingly together, at a minimum expense. Probably not even papal infallibility was equal to the exigencies of the case. This incident is referred to by Mr. Joseph Shaylor, a

veteran of the English bookselling trade, in "Some Thoughts on Bookselling," published in a recent issue of "The Publishers' Circular" (London), though originally prepared for oral presentation before a convention of the Associated Booksellers that failed to convene by reason of disorganization caused by the war. He writes at some length and with complete understanding of the questions discussed. In a concluding summary he emphasizes three of these questions: first, he believes that books by untried authors, works in the purchase of which the dealer incurs more than the ordinary risk, should be returnable to the publishers within six months; secondly, the publisher should make a plain distinction between books in which he is financially concerned and those which he issues at the author's expense; and thirdly, he should always fix his terms and adhere to them with both wholesale and retail dealer, and the rates of discount to these dealers should be permanently established and strictly observed by all publishers, acting in harmony. In general, it is organization and coöperation that are lacking among publishers the world over. How to effect these is a great problem, and its magnitude becomes apparent when one bears in mind that the world's annual output of books amounts to nearly 175,000 separate works, or did before the present relapse into barbarism.

A COLLEGIAN'S DIARY that gives glimpses of Longfellow as lecturer, of Lowell as student, of Pierce and Felton and E. T. Channing in their several chairs of instruction, and of other notables of the time and place, is likely to be interesting reading; and when the diarist himself chances to be no less a personage than the author of "The Man without a Country," this likelihood becomes a virtual certainty. Professor Edward E. Hale has edited for the April number of "Harper's Monthly" some selections from his father's journal of Harvard life in the thirties of last century. The first entry bears date of January, 1837, when the writer was half-way through his sophomore year, though not yet quite fifteen years old. Here is a passage, unintentionally smile-provoking at the end: "We recited in German for the first time to Professor Longfellow. The recitation, or rather the exercise, for we had no lesson set before, was very easy. I think we shall like the study very much." Some months later: "At 11 A. M. went to Professor Longfellow's first lecture on Goethe's Faust. The lectures are to be extemporaneous translations of the German with explanations; as he called it recitations in which he recites and we hear.

He made a long introduction to the matter in hand very flowery and bombastic indeed, which appeared to me very much out of taste. I believe, however, that it was entirely extemporaneous and that he was carried away by the current of his thoughts. In fact, he appears to say just what comes uppermost. The regular translation and explanation part of the lecture was very good." A later entry records the writer's decision not to attend the lectures on the second part of Faust, a voluntary course. "The lectures are tolerably interesting, but not enough so to compensate for the time taken up by them." Still later he "went to Professor Longfellow's introductory lecture on Dante. Much to my delight, he rather advised those who had not finished the Ital. course not to attend till next year, which advice I shall follow." There is record of an "exhibition," in which, says the diarist, "I liked Jim Lowell's part better than any of the others." Interesting, in a different manner from these jottings, is the facsimile of student Hale's college bill for one term. Tuition is \$25.00; rent and care of room, \$5.00; special repairs, \$0.57; fuel, \$2.75; board, \$28.60. Total, \$61.92.

IRVINGTON'S INFANT LIBRARY has passed its first birthday (or should one say its second, counting the day on which it was born as its first?) and issued its "First Annual Report." It is Irvington, New Jersey, not Irvington-on-Hudson, that is here meant. The New Jersey Irvington is much the larger of the two, having nearly or quite twelve thousand inhabitants, and the wonder is that it has not sooner acquired a public library. Perhaps this may be partly explained by its proximity to the excellent institution that has made Newark famous in the library world. At any rate, it now has "a live, growing collection of books" of its own, numbering 3,569 at least accounts, presumably a building in which to keep them, and certainly a librarian, Miss May E. Baillet, to promote their usefulness and report upon their circulation, growth, and other kindred matters. Moreover, it has a board of seven trustees, including a mayor who answers to the fortunately ominous name of Glorieux. Under lucky auspices does the Irvington (N. J.) Public Library enter upon its second year of existence.

THE ALLIANCE OF THE AMERICAS seems to hang in the balance for the moment, awaiting the action of Congress in the Colombia matter, and the outcome of our military expedition into Mexico. Meanwhile, it is perhaps worth while to draw attention to an interesting arti-

ele in the "Review Cuba Contemporánea," entitled "The Races in America." It is written by Dr. José Ingenieros, but sets forth the views of the distinguished Argentine sociologist, Señor Domingo F. Sarmiento. The paper's aim may be summed up in one sentence of the article: to construct, with all the poor and weak nations of South America, a grand and strong modern nation, after the type of that of the North, their constant model. Such a generous tribute from such a source shows that the two races and two continents are approaching each other. On neither side does "ignorance make a barren waste of all beyond itself." Another article in the same review, on "The Spirit of Liberty in the Poetry of Dominicana," will be a revelation to those who might have been in doubt whether either liberty or poetry existed in that island. In Cuba itself there is certainly an intellectual revival. We hope that this may be in some measure due to the action of the United States in interfering to secure its freedom. From Santiago de Cuba comes a stout volume as a memorial of the foundation and first year of "El Ateneo," an association of writers and artists of various kinds, apparently somewhat after the order of the old Italian Academy. Its purpose is to promote the arts, judge works, award prizes, and so forth. It has an imposing list of committees for the various sections,—Literature, Philosophy, Music, Plastic Arts, and many others. That its work is well done may be attested by a volume of addresses on Schumann, Chopin, and Grieg, put forth by its Director, the poet and critic, Max Henríquez Ureña.

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THE BEST WAY TO CELEBRATE THE SHAKESPEARE TERCENTENARY, or one of the best ways, is pointed out by Mr. Charles D. Stewart in the "Wisconsin Library Bulletin" for March, a Shakespeare number in certain of its features. Mr. Stewart's wise and practicable suggestion is that we observe this three-hundredth recurrence of Shakespeare's death-day (our word, not Mr. Stewart's) by reading one or two of his plays and trying to become really acquainted with him. "Take a play that has not been staled by everyday quotation and which has not been made tiresome by being 'studied' in school. Then, declaring your independence of all scholars and commentators, and throwing aside all help except an occasional reference to the glossary, sit down to get out of his work the one great thing that is in it—namely *human nature*. Aside from his wonderful power of expression, which will take care of itself, this is the thing which makes Shakespeare; and

on that basis you can meet him directly and on your own ground. If you have been through the world's mill to any purpose you may get more out of him, and be able to tell more about him, than even the most learned and cloistered commentator." A good play to select for this reading, and one that has not yet been read and "studied" to death, would be "Richard II.," by some critics pronounced superior to "Richard III.," which has tended to eclipse it; at any rate, it has merits enough of its own to fear no comparison with its fellows.

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THE READING WITH THE MOST RELISH is likely to be that which has been secured with effort and after long waiting. Lamb's ecstasies over an old and rare book, long coveted and at last obtained only after strict economy, are well known to readers of *Elia*. In the town of Swanton, Vermont, there has lately been finished a library building that owes its existence to no millionaire benefactor, nor even to any appropriation from the public funds. A writer in the "Bulletin of the Vermont Free Public Library Commission" announces with pride that "the peculiar distinction of the Swanton library resides in the fact that it is in the completest sense a community possession." King's Daughters, churches and schools, boys and girls, men and women, all have worked together to make the library, long a desirability, an actuality; and now they one and all feel a peculiar sense of proprietorship, which augurs well for the future usefulness of this work of their hands. The lot of land on which the building stands was originally granted by George III. "to his loving subjects of New Hampshire," and its subsequent changes of ownership, down to the benefactor who gave it to the town for its present use, have been traced.

. . .

A MUTUAL INFORMATION SOCIETY is now in process of organization under the direction (in America, at least) of Mr. Eugene F. McPike. It is to be called the International Society for Intercommunication, and is to be "devoted to the promotion of ways and means to facilitate the interchange of useful information." An "official organ" will be published monthly and will be sent to all members, the members themselves to constitute the staff of contributors. With the magazine will go a list of members, with their addresses and an indication of their individual pursuits or chosen departments of study. Thus every member will be brought, if he wishes it, into ready communication with every other member interested in the same topics or researches as

himself. "The American Committee," we learn from the prospectus, "will be composed of residents of the United States, Canada, and other portions of North America where the English language is used and understood." Passive membership, as well as active, will be permitted, and those simply desiring to forward the good cause in a material sense may pay their annual fee and remain anonymous on the list of members. But of course it is hoped that most participants in the enterprise will be information-seekers and information-givers, enlarging the bounds of human knowledge and diminishing the scope of human ignorance. The fee for membership is three dollars a year, or half that amount for six months, and is payable to Mr. Eugene F. McPike, Acting Secretary and Treasurer of the American Committee, 1200 Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

COÖPERATION BETWEEN LIBRARY AND POLICE has for some time been attempted in a novel way and apparently with good results in one of the cities of the state whose public-library system is the most nearly complete of any in America. Only one town in Massachusetts is without its public library, and this town (Newbury) enjoys the use of a neighboring library—for a proper consideration. But to return to our starting-point: in the city of Somerville, a suburb of Boston, boy offenders placed on probation by the police court are required to report at stated times to the probation officer at the library, not, as heretofore, at the police court. Every such youthful offender is made to draw from the library a book with a story bearing on the offence of which he is guilty and pointing a moral, and, what is more, the boy is subsequently called upon for proof that he has read the prescribed matter. Close coöperation between the court, the police, and the library is producing what seem to be encouraging results. Here, then, is one more to add to the increasing list of coöperative activities engaged in by the public library.

MR. HOWELLS IN CHARACTERISTIC VEIN opens his story of "The Leatherwood God" in the current "Century." The Middle West, which he learned to know as boy and youth, is the scene of the tale, and its characters are Middle Westerners of unspoiled rusticity. In the very first chapter we make the acquaintance of four of these characters, with the ease and quickness that go with freedom from those conventions that more or less hamper urban society. For example, we meet with Sally Reverdy, or, in more respectful terms, Mrs. Abel Reverdy; we see her run "up the road

with the cow-like gait which her swirling skirt gave her," and we find her more minutely depicted as "a young woman unkempt as to the pale hair which escaped from the knot at her neck and stuck out there and dangled about her face in spite of the attempts made to gather it under the control of the high horn comb holding its main strands together. The lankness of her long figure showed in the calico wrapper which seemed her sole garment; and her large features were respectively lank in their way, nose and chin and high cheek-bones; her eyes wobbled in their sockets with the sort of inquiring laughter that spread her wide, loose mouth. She was barefooted, like Reverdy, . . ." The unfolding of this tale and the development of these characters, Sally Reverdy not least of all, will be followed with eager attention by those who enjoy the unsparing realism of which a sample has here been displayed.

THE CHAPIN LIBRARY AT WILLIAMS COLLEGE, the collection of rare books lately given to his alma mater by the Hon. Alfred C. Chapin, '69, a wealthy New York lawyer and bibliophile, will soon have a special building of its own, provided by the same generous hand that bestowed the books. At the time of Mr. Chapin's benefaction, last May, it was noted in these columns, and the inadequacy of the present college library building was pointed out. Now it is proposed to erect a structure that will both serve the needs of the fine Chapin collection and lend itself to incorporation with a larger general library building when the needed funds for such building shall be provided; and their provision ought to be and is likely to be hastened by the present action of Mr. Chapin, by no means his first addition to the group of college halls. He crowns his latest munificence by providing for the maintenance of what will doubtless commonly be known as the Chapin Library.

COMMUNICATIONS.

SOME RECENTLY DISCOVERED POEMS BY WALT WHITMAN.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

MAY I be allowed space in your columns to announce, for the benefit of students of the poetry of Walt Whitman, the recent discovery of a number of his early poems? Of all the verse which Whitman must have written before he produced, at the age of thirty-six, that prodigy of poetry, the First Edition of "Leaves of Grass," he has preserved but four poems, and the diligence of his biographers has unearthed only as many more.

In the "Brooklyn Daily Eagle" there appeared in 1846, when Whitman was editor of the paper, two poems: "The Play-Ground," a descriptive poem, and an "Ode—to be sung on Fort Greene; 4th of July, 1846." Ten others have been found in an imperfect file of the "Long Island Democrat," recently rescued from an old garret.

It appears that in the year 1840, Whitman was teaching school in, or near, Jamaica, Long Island, a village which has since been incorporated in the Borough of Queens, New York City. He boarded, for over a year, with a certain James J. Brenton, who afterwards (1850) included in his "Voices from the Press" one of Whitman's early sketches called "Tomb Blossoms." Mr. Brenton was the editor and publisher of the "Long Island Democrat," in the office of which, after school hours, Whitman worked as a compositor. To this paper Whitman contributed, with fair regularity, one piece of verse each month.

The tone of most of these poems is meditative, if not morbid, a common theme being the vanity of life and the peacefulness of death. Even one which is ostensibly a continuation of the well known ballad, "Father Grimes," soon loses the jest in the sermon. But all show conscientious experimentation in various verse forms, and indicate an increasing mastery of form and phrasing. A list of the titles will give some idea of what the youth of twenty or so was meditating about in the days when his only readers were the subscribers to a village paper: "Young Grimes," "Fame's Vanity" (the original form of the autobiographical "Ambition"), "My Departure" (the original of "Death of a Nature Lover"), "The Inca's Daughter," "The Love that is Hereafter," "We Shall Rest at Last" (the original of "Each Has His Grief"), "The Spanish Lady," "The End of All," "The Columbian's Song" (a patriotic ode), and "The Winding-Up" (a revision of "The End of All").

When a more scientific study of Whitman's early life and writings than has hitherto been possible is made, these accidentally preserved "efforts" will prove of considerable importance.

R. EMORY HOLLOWAY.

Adelphi College, Brooklyn, April 5, 1916.

THE SOURCES OF WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY'S "THAMMUZ."

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

I daresay that most readers of William Vaughn Moody's poetry are puzzled by his "Thammuz." In four stanzas the poet embodies his conception of life as a fusion of religious mysticism and pagan joy. His sources are the Bible, Milton, the myth of Orpheus, and Euripides.

In his ode "On the Morning of Christ's Nativity," Milton writes (line 204):

In vain the Tyrian maids their Thammuz mourn.
while at line 460 of "Paradise Lost" he expands "Ezekiel" VIII, 14, as follows:

Thammuz came next behind,
Whose annual wound in Lebanon allured
The Syrian damsels to lament his fate
In amorous ditties all a summer's day,
While smooth Adonis from his native rock

Ran purple to the sea, supposed with blood
Of Thammuz yearly wounded: the love-tale
Infected Sion's daughters with like heat,
Whose wanton passions in the sacred porch
Ezekiel saw, when, by the vision led,
His eye surveyed the dark idolatries
Of alienated Judah.

In his edition of Milton's poems ("Cambridge Edition," 1899), page 395, Moody has the following note on Milton's "Thammuz": "An important figure in Phœnician mythology. He was slain by a boar in Lebanon, but comes to life each spring, his death and resuscitation symbolizing the destructive forces of winter and the quickening forces of spring. When the river Adonis became reddened by the mud brought down from Lebanon by the spring torrents, it was believed to be the flowing afresh of Thammuz's wounds which caused the change of color."

In Moody's "Thammuz" the god is represented as killed by frenzied women. This conception is not innate in the Thammuz-Adonis myth, so Moody effected a combination of the Orpheus story, in which love-maddened nymphs slay the hapless singer, and of the "Bacchae" of Euripides, in which women crazed by Dionysus tear Pentheus to pieces.

I now venture to quote "Thammuz" entire:

Daughters, daughters, do ye grieve!
Crimson dark the freshes flow!
Were ye violent at eve!
Crimson stains where the rushes grow!
What is this that I must know!

Mourners by the dark red waters,
Met ye Thammuz at his play!
Was your mood upon you, daughters?
Had ye drunken! O how grey
Looks your hair in the rising day!

Mourners, mourn not overmuch
That ye slew your lovely one.
Such ye are; and be ye such!
Lift your heads; the waters run
Ruby bright in the climbing sun.

Raven hair and hair of gold,
Look who bendeth over you!
This is not the shepherd old;
This is Thammuz, whom ye slew,
Radiant Thammuz, risen anew!

WILLIAM CHISLETT, JR.

Stanford University, Cal., April 4, 1916.

"FREE VERSE" DEFINED.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Members of the Poetry Society of America have been much concerned of late because nobody could seem to hit upon a satisfactory definition of *vers libre* or free verse.

Having observed this contest for some time, and noted the anguish of mind into which this question has thrown some of our temperamental singers, I can no longer bear to let them suffer, and hence come forward to suggest the following: "Free verse is verse which cannot be sold and which must, therefore, be given away."

ROBERT J. SHORES.

New York, April 1, 1916.

The New Books.

THE POETRY OF LIONEL JOHNSON.*

We have all been reading lately the verse and travel letters of a young English poet whom death has set apart from his fellows and anticipated in his favor the verdict of posterity. It is startling to reflect how long he might have waited for the fame which is now his, and rightly his, had not death silenced him forever. Yet it seems clear, as clear as such things can ever be, that the verdict is a just one, and that Rupert Brooke's niche in the House of Fame is secure. Between him and Lionel Johnson a comparison is all but inevitable. Both were public school and university men, representing, therefore, much the same social and literary tradition; both early gave proof of a notable poetic gift; and the fame of both rests solely upon the first fruits of their genius; for, though Johnson lived to be thirty-five, the greater part of his verse was written, like Brooke's, before he was twenty-six. Their very portraits invite comparison and, at the same time, suggest the essential difference in their poetic quality. Brooke is the spirit of adventure incarnate, with every sense alert for what life may offer; while in Johnson's steady eyes and quiet mouth there is the look of one to whom the world is not a pageant but a problem, the solution of which he does not expect to find in what he hears and sees. The one face is vivid, winning, richly human; the other is grave, reflective, even a little chilling, notwithstanding its youthful charm. And this contrast is more than superficial. In Johnson we miss the richness, the vehemence, the triumphant accent of the young soldier-poet's utterance; the will to live is less clamorous in his verse. On the other hand, there is a meditative wisdom, a sober contemplation of the mysteries of life, that the younger poet, in his haste to be about the business of living, did not pause to achieve. There are, of course, diversities of poetic as truly as of spiritual gifts, but "the one Spirit's plastic stress" is urgent in them all.

Of the genuineness of Lionel Johnson's gift there can be no doubt. His technique—to speak first of its external aspect—is well-nigh flawless. He sometimes reminds us of Arnold, whom he sincerely admired and perhaps imitated; but at his best and dealing with a sympathetic theme, he often reaches a degree and kind of beauty at which Arnold did not

even aim. While the piercing tenderness and pathos of the elder poet are almost never found in the younger—Arnold's "sad lucidity of soul" is, of course, quite beyond him—yet the melody of his verse, its subtle ordering of vowel and consonant, its delicate adjustment of pause, its lingering beauty of cadence are not to be found in Arnold except in his happiest moments. The following stanzas are of his twentieth year and show that in the technique of meditative verse, at all events, he had little to learn:

Ah! fair lips hushed in death!
Now their glad breath
Breathes not upon our air
Music, that saith
Love only, and things fair.

Ah! lost brother! Ah! sweet
Still hands and feet!
May those feet haste to reach,
Those hands to greet
Us where love needs no speech.

The curiously effective pause upon the first syllables of certain lines is highly characteristic; the short line, too, is a favorite with him, and some of his most admirable verse-forms are built upon it. He may well have got a hint of its possibilities from Arnold, though he uses it in so different a way and produces with it effects so different. At all events such stanzas as the following sound pleasantly upon the ear of the lover of Arnold's verse:

I, living with delight
This rich autumnal day,
Mark the gulls' curving flight
Across the black-girt bay.

Winds rush and waters roll:
Their strength, their beauty brings
Into mine heart the whole
Magnificence of things.

It is not Arnold's music, yet in imagery, mood, and melody the poem from which these lines are taken is subtly reminiscent of "Obermann." Probably it is the poet's spiritual kinship with Arnold more than the movement of his verse that reminds us of him. Certainly there are poems in this volume that both for substance and for sound might be Arnold's. Let these stanzas from "Lucretius" bear witness:

Thou knowest now, that life and death
Are wondrous intervals:
The fortunes of a fitful breath,
Within the flaming walls.

Without them, an eternal plan,
Which life and death obey:
Divinity, that fashions man,
Its high, immortal way.

It is evident that such verse as this might not improperly be called "academic," if by academic we mean verse that is marked by fin-

* POETICAL WORKS OF LIONEL JOHNSON. With portrait.
New York: The Macmillan Co.

ish rather than fire, that has no touch in it of the "feverish rhetoric" of a Swinburne—the phrase is Johnson's; that aims not so much at expressiveness as at pure and tranquil beauty. And this remark is as true of its substance as of its form. It is academic even in the narrow sense; that is to say, it is the verse of a man who is by training and temper a scholar, who has the scholar's love of quiet, of old ways and old places, the scholar's scrupulous sense of the becoming, the scholar's reticence and tendency to hide his life. It is even, at times, bookish verse. The poet delights to express his gratitude to his favorites in the world of literature,—Plato, Virgil, Lucretius, Arnold, Lamb, Newman, the Brontës, to whose hold upon him many a page of his prose bears witness. He loved Oxford and Winchester with a son's devotion, and nothing could be more admirable in its way than the poem called "Oxford Nights," a descant upon the great books that had made those nights immortal in his memory—a modern, Oxford variation on the theme of "Il Penseroso." It is an exquisite though unconscious picture that he draws, there and elsewhere, of a boyhood and youth spent among books, rich in friendship and abounding in natural and normal pleasure, but touched profoundly by its intercourse with the things of the mind and the soul. He is especially eloquent and convincing, as an Oxford man should be, when he draws his subject from classical antiquity. "Julian at Eleusis," composed in his twentieth year, is an admirably sympathetic study of the great apostate, written in a blank verse that is more reminiscent, perhaps, of Tennyson than of Milton, but that has a suave and stately beauty of its own. The subject is highly characteristic, for Julian represents the imaginative appeal of the finer aspects of Greek religion—its lofty symbolism, its esoteric significance—which has been felt by the scholar in every age. To a poet of the generation of Arnold, such a theme would be especially attractive. Unable, yet, to yield himself to the consolations of Christianity, but feeling, nevertheless, the need of a faith, an aspiration, to fill up the void of life, he looked back a little wistfully, like Arnold himself, to a religion that did not demand of man what man could not give, and that still did not ignore or evade, like the shallow philosophies of the day, the soul's necessities. It is true that in five years he was to become a loyal and devout Catholic, yet much of his early verse is tinged with the reluctant skepticism that characterizes the school of Arnold. It is a quite different thing from the immitigable hostility of a Swinburne or a Carducci

to the Supplanter of the elder gods. It is quite unlike Leopardi's bitter nihilism. It is, of course, minor poetry—minor in a sense that Arnold's is not. It is negative, acquiescent. Indeed, on occasion, except for its exquisite form, it might not unjustly be called plaintive, and Arnold is never that. Nor is Leopardi. There is a passionate vitality in both that in the one case has overcome and in the other seems certain to overcome the withering effect of the years. Finished as it is and congenial to the spirit of its day, one can not be quite sure that Johnson's verse will do so.

Academic his verse is in still another sense. Its dominant note is meditation, not passion. It is not poetry that stirs the pulses; its ardors are intellectual. It is a little remote; it is often severe; it leaves one, at first reading, somewhat cold. But as one reads, the quiet felicity of the imagery, the meditative charm of the thought, the grave beauty of the phrasing gradually take possession of the reader's mind and rule it. Such verse is not an incantation; it weaves no spell, unless its power, continually exerted and continually renewed, upon the reader's reluctance, be a spell of the most magical sort. One feels its beauty, as Pater says of Wordsworth, only at the price of certain adjustments and renunciations; but the beauty is there, and one's admiration of it is the more durable for not being easily yielded. Little of it is devoted to the passion of love, in spite of the poet's youth, and that little, almost without exception, is dedicated to a love that is spiritualized by distance or by death. There is, indeed, almost no "human interest" in these poems, not even that which centres in the poet himself, for he effaces himself as completely as it is possible to do in verse so entirely subjective. It is upon the emotion, the imagery, that our attention is fixed, not upon the poet who feels and sees. He seems to have no passions but the passion for Ireland and the passion for nature, and those are subject to obvious limitations. He writes with something like passion of the love of friends, but again it is a love that is sanctified by death or merged in the larger love of God. He is at his best in threnody, as might be expected of one in whom the care for ancient things, the memory of past joys, the piety of loved places are the food upon which his meditation lives.

The passionate remembrances,
That wake at bidding of the air:
Fancies, and dreams, and fragrances,
That charmed us, when they were,—

these determine the atmosphere of all his poetry. Even his feeling for nature, keen as it is, is not the characteristic poet's rapture in

form and color and odor. It is rather the sense, so natural to the cultivated mind, of nature's age-long intercourse with man. By his love of her he is linked with all the generations, and at no time does he feel more intimately his kinship with humanity than when his pulses stir to beauty:

Beside the tremulous, blue sea,
Clear at sunset, they love to be:
And they are rarely sad, but then.
For sorrow touches them, as men,
Looking upon the calm of things,
That pass, and wake remembrings
Of holy and of ancient awe;
The charm of immemorial Law:
What we see now, the great dead saw!

Here his divergence from Arnold is complete; for the elder poet sought in nature the calmness, the order, the acceptance of prevailing law, which the life of man denied him. It is a high, austere doctrine, the gospel of nature as Arnold teaches it,—a bracing and salutary discipline. To Johnson, Nature offers more ordinary consolations: the brooding quiet of a summer day, the "golden music" of the corn as it ripples in the autumn wind, the driving mists of mountain gorges, the wild exhilaration of "the chivalries of air." Above all, in the peace and the ineffable expansion of night and the stars he finds himself most at home; they are best suited to his mood of sober questioning. It is not that his thought or his emotion lacks energy; but the day distracts him, and only in the night, "that strange and solemn thing," does he command them.

Yet when the city sleeps;
When all the cries are still:
The stars and heavenly deeps
Work out a perfect will.

These lines, among the most perfect that he wrote, suggest the nature of Johnson's gift; in spirit he walks alone, under the friendly stars. It is curiously revealing, the recurrence of stellar imagery in his verse. "The sad stars wheel," "the calm still stars wane," the twilight is "starred," "the clear stars shake within the gleaming sea, shake and abide." The "starry music, starry fire, high above all our voice and glare," are symbols of Plato's thought. "When sad night draws down, when the austere stars burn," he is mindful of his lost friend. Charles, "the fair and fatal king," rides forever at Charing Cross attended by stars.

Night hath fierce loveliness: clouds race
Past star and still unconquered star,
to herald the dawn of revolution. The life of the Brontës, "children of fire," reminds him that

From the tempest and the gloom,
The stars, the fires of God, steal forth.

He reflects how fair must be the City of God if "man shall not miss the stars, nor mourn the sea." It may almost be said of him that from the depths of his sombre musings he comes forth, like Dante, "to behold the stars." Though a man of books, his chief teacher has been Earth, the common mother, "her memories, her splendors, her desires"; but it is "Earth whom the vast stars crown" that has taught him most.

The spell which night and starlight lay upon the spirit is almost the only one which his verse is quite certain to render adequately. His poetical gifts are many, but among them is not that of commanding the reader's mood. He can not, with a phrase or a line, color all the world for us, pierce us with a strange pain or a strange joy, or make us feel the spirit of a place, as Wordsworth and Arnold frequently do. The reader is always expecting this change of mood, and there is no evident reason why it does not happen. Certainly, it is not an affair of many words. There are stanzas of a few syllables in Verlaine's "Sagesse," for instance, that produce it inevitably. Perhaps the reason for the lack of this gift in Johnson is to be found in what may be called, for the lack of a better word, his reticence. In all that he writes, not merely in his utterances concerning the deeper things of life, but in his portrayal of a mood, in his account of some momentary effect of sea or sky upon his spirit, one feels a certain detachment, a refusal or an inability to tell the whole story, that prevents the reader from seeing with the poet's eyes and feeling with the poet's heart, and produces in him also an objective attitude that is fatal to the thrill of poetry. Horace's admonition may be pressed further than he himself cared to press it. If the poet wishes us to weep, he must not only first have wept himself, but he must also not conceal from us too successfully the traces of his tears. Johnson was not of those who "publish their wistfulness abroad"; and while his reticence, in a day when reticence is not, gives to his verse a touch of severity that is an added charm, it does prevent that contagion of the poet's mood which is, after all, one of the pleasures that we have a right to expect from literature.

Even his religious verse is marked by this curious impression of something withheld. It is never perfunctory, except perhaps in the Latin poems, as to which one's judgment may easily go astray. They certainly have not the ardor and the poignancy of the best of the great Breviary hymns; they are too obviously "composed," too evidently and laboriously put together, like bits of clever joinery. But the English verse has an unmistakable fervor and

passion; it is vital with religious as well as poetic inspiration. This, of course, applies to the poems written after his reception into the Catholic Church. Before that, his verse has the note of uncertainty, of wistfulness, of desire for a faith beyond his reach, which is the voice of his generation; but the Catholic poems are resonant with faith and tender with devotion. Nevertheless, they are not revealing; there is not in them that ring of anguish, of personal need, of mystical rapture that arrests us in the poetry of Francis Thompson. Only three or four times in all the volume is there an expression that strikes us as a veritable cry from the depths; for the rest, the lovely imagery, the exquisite music, seem to draw a veil between the poet's innermost mind and ours.

The same objection may be made to the verses on Irish subjects. They lack the note of intensity for which we listen in poetry dedicated to the hopes and sorrows of an unhappy people. The poem entitled "Ireland" is especially disconcerting to one whose standard in such matters is determined by the fashion in which Swinburne, for example, sings the woes of Italy. It is an admirable poem, full of noble imagery, of touching associations, and of subtle music; but the heart is not wrung by it, nor is the pulse quickened. Johnson himself may possibly have felt this lack in his verse, for in an essay on "Poetry and Patriotism in Ireland," he genially rebukes those who maintain that the sincerity of patriotic verse must be measured by its emotion and especially by its neglect of form. "Melancholy, and sorrow, and the cry of pain, it has been said by some, are more poetical than serenity and ardor: for my part I do not believe it." Whatever may be said of the "ardor" of Johnson's patriotic verse, its serenity and its perfection of form are not to be denied. And, in fact, the ardor also is unquestionable. Not only in the Irish poems, but elsewhere, there is many a phrase and half-line which shows that his heart is "still in the far, fair Gaelic places," that the voice of "desolate Cornwall, desolate Brittany" is ever in his ears.

Lovely and loved, O passionate land!
Dear Celtic land, unconquered still!
Thy mountain strength prevails:
Thy winds have all their will.

They have no care for meaner things,
They have no scorn for brooding dreams:
A spirit in them sings,
A light about them beams.

Here is the immortal charm of Celtic lands to every man who is capable of imagination—their unconquerable poetry, the light of

another world that lies upon them, their native hospitality to dreams. But the Celtic spirit has another side, and in this, too, the poet shares. "They went forth to war, but they always fell," says an Irish bard of the heroes of his race. It is of the glory and sadness of lost causes that such poets as Johnson most care to sing; but the fighting came first, and in Johnson, too, beneath all his pensive brooding upon things that were, there was the stuff of a fighter. Certainly "The Coming of War" and "Dawn of Revolution" are martial and resonant enough to satisfy his countrymen, even at this hour. In words that curiously anticipate Brooke's well-known lines, he acknowledges his debt to the earth that bore him and welcomes the opportunity to pay it:

Earth cried to us, that all her laboured store
Was ours: that she had more to give, and more:
For nothing, did we deem?

We give her back the glory of this hour
O sun and earth! O strength and beauty!
We use you now, we thank you now: our duty
We stand to do, mailed in your power.

It is difficult to account, in verse so personal as Johnson's, for the reader's curious sense of something wanting, for the lack of that thrill of intensity which one often feels in the work of poets much less gifted. Why, when the fuel is heaped so skilfully upon the altar, does the fire from heaven not descend to kindle it? Is the verse a little cold and remote because the poet did not really feel intensely; or is it because his fear of undue expansiveness forbade him to speak out? Or, finally, is it the result of an instinct that told him that man prizes most highly, in literature as elsewhere, those satisfactions which have not been gained without much effort, in which he has been obliged to coöperate? Notwithstanding Wordsworth's doctrine of "emotion recollected in tranquillity," is it quite certain that emotion which can be hoarded and meditated and transmuted was ever very keen? Such emotion, no doubt, is more lasting than the intenser sort. It is often productive of a high order of beauty; but we miss in it always the exaltation and the lyric rapture of more spontaneous poetry, and we miss them because they were never felt. After all, the enigma of Lionel Johnson's verse is the enigma of his personality. One of his friends wrote of him after his death: "In earlier days he had a wide circle of friends in spite of a certain reserve and aloofness of manner, which rarely left him. Under the mask of irony, coldness, and even perversity, which he bore in personal intercourse, lay a passionate spirit destined never to find complete utterance."

CHARLES H. A. WAGER.

RETROSPECTS OF AN ENGLISH JOURNALIST.*

It is chiefly his long and richly varied experience as a roving newspaper writer that the author of "No. 5 John Street" draws upon for the material of his reminiscent volume, "My Harvest." This experience, beginning in the sixties, when the writer was in his twenties, has involved the visiting of many lands, including our own, and the meeting with innumerable persons of note, whose recorded sayings and doings help to enliven the pages of this genially discursive retrospect. Incidentally the author's philosophy of life, the motives that have actuated him, the ends he has striven for, the ideals he has cherished, are with some definiteness brought into view.

A sort of haphazard and rather misfit education, with some years of manual training in the engraving of seals and other diminutive objects, seems to have been imposed upon the motherless and half-neglected boy who was destined to make his mark with freer stroke than that taught to him by Benjamin Wyon, Chief Engraver of Her Majesty's Seals. Evenings at the Working Men's College under the teaching of Maurice, Ruskin, Ludlow, Furnivall, and Hughes, relieved for a while the cramp of the irksome days, and a fortunate mission to Paris in the interests of a proposed Working Class Exhibition, to be participated in by the sons of toil of the two countries, England and France, went far toward completing the emancipation. It is of interest to note how the radical principles inevitably imbibed by the young man amid those associates and surroundings became the conservative views of his maturer years. One has only to adhere long enough to almost any doctrine of radical reform to find it in the end accepted and established in all respectability. It was a spirit of eager inquiry in many directions that made it impossible for the young engraver to settle down stolidly to his task, as was expected of him by his father, and to accept unquestioningly and contentedly the lot in life whereunto that father believed him to have been born. In the following passage we see some of his strivings for larger things:

"I did not remain long at the College. I hardly know why—I think because I suffered then, as at other times in my life, from a most plentiful lack of cash. It may have been because I thought I knew a better way: I did not, but I had to find that out. So I bobbed about from one thing to another and mastered none. I bought my books for myself at the old second-hand bookshops, then extant in Holywell

Street and in Vinegar Yard under the lee of the Drury Lane Theatre. . . Sometimes I merely dipped into the Pierian spring, well knowing I could never afford to pay for my drink. "Ow's business, Joe?" asked a neighboring dealer of a colleague, as I was once engaged in this way. "Quiet," was the answer; "all readers an' no buyers to-night." I dropped the volume and vanished into the fog to hide my shame. I was like the monkey with the nuts in the fable. I could withdraw nothing from the vase of scholarship because I wanted to grasp all.

Far into the night he pushed his reading of such hard-won books as he possessed, sometimes kneeling at his literary devotions to keep himself from falling asleep in his chair. Like John Muir at a rather earlier date, he invented and used a device for awakening him to his studies at the dawn of day. It worked to admiration, but aroused the whole household as well as the inventor. "Given a certain temperament, and I had it," he remarks at the conclusion of this episode, "all this portended book-writing or crime—perhaps both in a way. I made up my mind to be a writer, and to slip the collar of the other art as soon as I could."

Carried by a lucky chance to Paris, as above indicated, several years before the downfall of the Second Empire, Mr. Whiteing found himself, as he says, "in touch with the little band who were quietly engineering" that impending collapse. With the Reclus brothers, especially, one of whom nearly paid with his life for the part he took in this enterprise, he was on terms of intimacy. A passing pen-portrait of the less famous of the two, with a brief characterization of the pair in their dominant traits, is worth reproducing.

The elder, Elie, was the perfect thing in fanaticism, cold and self-contained. He might have sat for the portrait of a Covenantor. Spiritually he reminded me of those animals whose jaws lock in what they bite. Heredity may have had something to do with it: the father was a Swiss pastor of the Calvinistic type. The pair, I imagine, had long since parted with their Christianity to put philosophic Anarchy in its place. With old Blanqui, another notable figure of the time, they were for *ni Dieu, ni maître*, the absolute freedom of the individual to walk by his own light, with nothing but his conscience for guide and law. . . . I came most in contact with Elie because his English was better. The only soft spot in him was his love of literature: he usually carried a volume of Hugo in his pocket, perhaps as the best expression of the current revolt for freedom, in that domain. Yet, inconsistently enough, he was disposed, as a Frenchman, to make a reservation here in favour of order and law. Our easy-going independence of these things in English letters was hateful to him. "The negroid dialects," he once remarked to me in his icy way, "have the same simplicity of structure."

Mr. Whiteing's winning of a place in journalism came after only a brief agony of desperate effort and semi-destitution. It was luck, again, so far as there is any such thing, that brought to him the suggestion of his

* MY HARVEST. By Richard Whiteing. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

first "hit," a humorous-satirical sketch entitled "A Night in Belgrave Square—by a Costermonger." This was a sort of reply or offset to a like performance that had set the town talking, namely, "A Night in a Workhouse—by an Amateur Casual." "The Pall Mall Gazette" had published this latter, to its considerable profit; and "The Evening Star" was glad to score an equal success with the companion piece offered by an untried genius, who was afterward not unwilling to go on with his Costermonger "and make him a character—the Coster here, there and everywhere in a survey of the whole scheme of things." Finally a book was made of him, which has served its ends, had its day, and passed into obscurity. Its author says in regard to this fortunate stumbling upon the theme that then best suited him, after considerable wasted energy and ink: "The one thing I had never thought of writing about was the thing that was nearest to my heart. The shyness of the pen is sometimes the most invincible of all."

Of journalistic openings to the author of these costermongering there seems to have been an unfailing abundance; or that is the impression conveyed by the narrative, though what disappointed hopes and weary waitings there may have been interspersed, and wisely left to forgetfulness, who can say? Justin McCarthy, prominent in those days as a versatile and accomplished journalist, historian, novelist, and miscellaneous writer, was one of the many literary craftsmen with whom this auspiciously beginning journalist was brought into friendly contact; and the picture presented of the optimistic and genial and wonderfully resourceful author of "A History of Our Own Times" is well drawn and pleasing. His literary style is pointed out as the one exception to the rule that easy writing makes hard reading; but the author weakens the effect by recording later instances of the same exceptionality, as for instance Andrew Lang, a marvellously ready and rapid writer whom to read is far from being a task. Among the leading newspapers that at one time or another enlisted the services of Mr. Whiteing, may be named the New York "World" and "Tribune" and the Manchester "Guardian." To Geneva to report the Alabama arbitration he was sent by the first-named, and to Madrid to observe Spain in revolution, just after the abdication of Amadeus, he went in the service of the "Tribune." Later missions of a similar character took him to Russia, to Germany, to France more than once, and to our own country. Among American authors he names

Emerson as "the most abiding influence on my life," and pays tribute to Irving, Cooper, Holmes, Lowell, Whitman, Mark Twain, and Henry James, finding in many of these and other writers of this new land an agreeable note of kinship with those of the mother country.

Generous in his praise of great authors, Mr. Whiteing can also be liberal in sarcastic disapproval of some whom he regards as less great. An ardent lover of Shakespeare, he necessarily finds himself at odds with Mr. Shaw in the latter's outspoken dispraise of the great poet. Ibsen, too, fails to kindle his enthusiasm. In a paragraph toward the end of his final chapter, a chapter which he entitles "Threshing Out," the author in a sane and conservative fashion gives his outlook for the future. He says:

Blessedness, the sweet of adversity for the building up of character, self-control, self-denial, the old beatitudes, no matter what their theological setting, the old new birth of the spirit into its real self-hood, in one word, all that differentiates the finished article from the mere mistakes of the potter, these, I think, in their struggle for the recovery of the old ethical pattern, are going to be the note of a new time.

May the prophecy come true! There is much else that is sane and of wholesome influence in the book thus brought to a close. It will repay careful reading.

PERCY F. BICKNELL.

A CENTURY AND A HALF OF AMERICAN DIPLOMACY.*

"Diplomacy is dynamite with a soft voice," Professor Fish tells us. "The American type," he might have added, "is often used with amazing carelessness." That our haphazard practice of the art, inspired as often by ignorance as by design, has not resulted more disastrously is another evidence of the special Providence that guards the destinies of the American people. At the same time it affords positive proof that public opinion in America needs to become "internationally minded." This is one purpose that inspires the present volume, and a careful perusal of its pages leads us to believe that the author will measurably achieve it.

In one sense American diplomacy begins with the famous Papal Bulls of 1493, but there are comparatively few other manifestations until the eighteenth century. The Treaty of Utrecht, in 1713, followed a half century later by the Treaty of Paris and the Royal Proclamation of 1763, affords the proper basis for

* AMERICAN DIPLOMACY. By Carl Russell Fish, Professor of History in the University of Wisconsin. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

later American territorial diplomacy. The struggle for political independence involved the task of obtaining continental recognition and of re-arranging commercial relations with the former Mother Country. Both France and England were inclined to regard the new nation merely as a convenient protectorate, to be tolerated or bullied as best served their financial and commercial needs.

This attitude persisted long after the formation of a "more perfect Union," and was fed by foreign predilections that long continued to determine domestic partisanship. The situation was complicated by the wars arising from the French Revolution and the advent of Napoleon Bonaparte. In the ensuing general struggle, the United States appeared then, as now, the most conspicuous champion of the rights of neutral commerce, with diplomacy as its most potent weapon. At the same time, the desire to navigate the great interior waterways and round out the national domain encountered an obstinate resistance from Spain, reluctant to jeopardize her colonies. This reluctance naturally evoked an equally strong determination, favored by the situation abroad, to assist these colonies in gaining their independence. Thus commercial needs, territorial ambition, and political idealism combined to influence the four decades of American diplomacy preceding the formal announcement of the Monroe Doctrine.

To the diplomatic problems of that day the Americans brought some experience derived from Indian councils, early colonial agency, and the halls of Continental Congress. With this slender training they surprised contemporaries and gratified posterity by the measure of success that crowned their efforts. If, in many instances, good fortune rather than good management brought about this result, they suffered but little in comparison with their opponents. Occasionally more astute than the latter, they uniformly surpassed them in directness and persistence. Their diplomacy, often amateurish in method and at times disporting itself in "shirt sleeves," depended less on "bluff" than simplicity and patience to gain its ends. No American need be ashamed of our foreign service when Franklin, Jay, the Pinckneys, Gallatin, and the "brace of Adamses" graced its rolls.

Following the Napoleonic wars, nearly a score of years were necessary to settle the questions arising from that series of conflicts, to establish relations with our southern neighbors, and to announce with them a common separateness from Europe. New Granada, subsequently Colombia, in South America, and Mexico on our borders, occupied then and

thereafter a prominent place in our Latin-American negotiations, and were ultimately to bear the brunt of our "manifest destiny." This same catchword was used to strengthen our territorial claim to the Pacific Northwest; where, however, we were finally led to acknowledge the co-existent claim of Great Britain. In the mid-century, Asiatic exclusiveness was forced to yield to commercial expansion and in turn to feel the effects of our own racial antipathy. The Civil War renewed the problems of blockade and neutral commerce, but with our nation in the rôle of belligerent. This internecine strife likewise provoked in Mexico the most serious test of the Monroe Doctrine, and inspired the most virulent threats against continued British domination in Canada.

For more than half a century the fisheries, commercial claims, and Isthmian transit served to put an edge on our diplomatic dealings with Great Britain. Tying our own hands with the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, we avoided a clash over the last-named issue, but we did not thereby improve our relations with the Caribbean powers. Finally a boundary dispute in Venezuela gave the opportunity to proclaim that the fiat of the United States was law upon the American continent. The attempt to force from Great Britain a recognition of this principle almost precipitated hostilities between the two countries, but it also marked the beginning of a new era in American diplomacy.

Seward, Evarts, Blaine, and Olney exhibited a vigorous American spirit that rivalled the earlier manifestation of Clay, Calhoun, Webster, and Cass, but fell far short of the standard set by our earliest diplomats. Webster and Seward, the latter aided by a third member of the Adams family, were alone worthy to rank with the generation that produced John Jay and John Quincy Adams. But Seward's acquisition of Alaska was a far less notable act than the Florida Treaty; and Webster's vigorous rejoinder to Hülseman was far more grandiloquent than the dignified expression of American policy that preceded the Monroe Doctrine. After Seward and Evarts, not even Blaine and Olney could lift American diplomacy from the slough of petty and personal interests into which it had fallen.

But events were working for a speedy change in our foreign policy. The intervention in Cuba established the hegemony of the United States in the Caribbean and made possible the construction of an Isthmian canal wholly under American auspices. The occupation of the Philippines planted the American flag as a challenge on the coast of Asia,

and marked the way thither by scattered outposts in the Pacific. The expansion that occurred at the end of the nineteenth century fulfilled some of the prophecies uttered at the beginning, but it did not closely correspond to its earlier counterpart. Its purposes were more clearly protective and altruistic, but its methods were distinctly imperialistic. The "open door" policy of John Hay, the abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty that he secured, the dismemberment of Colombia that he sanctioned, and the protectorate that his successors have virtually established over Santo Domingo, Nicaragua, and Hayti, mark successive steps in this new American imperialism.

Benevolent guidance rather than assimilation constituted its chief motive, although it could not wholly erase the mark of "dollar diplomacy," and has conspicuously failed to exorcise racial antipathy. A new "Pan Americanism" has come into being, alongside the earlier exclusive Monroe Doctrine. "Watchful waiting" has blocked the intangible alliance between foreign concessionaires and our State Department. The issues of neutrality are with us in greater measure than ever before; while the promising development of international arbitration, in which our part was so conspicuous, must await the outcome of the present cataclysm. Our national influence is greater than ever; our responsibilities have increased in proportionate degree; but the majority of our population, hyphenated or otherwise, is not fully aware of either fact.

Professor Fish's soft-speaking but dynamic volume ought to arouse a fair measure of interest in his subject. It is timely. Its popular figures, well-turned phrases, apt characterizations, clever summaries, and vigorous descriptions, in which even the illuminating utterances of Mr. Dooley have their part, should be welcome to the general reader. He presents a connected and well-proportioned summary of our diplomatic history at a time when diplomacy has an unexpected meaning for the average thoughtful citizen. But one does not have to belong to this class, even, to appreciate the vivid sketches of past worthies in that field or to contrast their elevated responsibilities with the strivings for social prestige that but yesterday marked the service.

The author has not hesitated to express his opinion, whether he decries the War of 1812 and our war with Spain, approves the course of John Adams in 1799, or characterizes Blaine as "charlatan and genius," whose superficial imitation of Clay made comparison with the latter odious. The few surviving admirers of the "Plumed Knight" may not

relish these references to their hero, but we might expect them from a student of American civil service. Elsewhere he does full justice to Blaine's permanent contributions. His interpretations and inferences are specific, well placed, and give a clear idea of the connection between a particular event and the establishment of a precedent based upon it. The various steps in the development of the Monroe Doctrine are especially well treated.

As a text book for college classes, the work should prove particularly valuable. It has a good complement of maps, although the one relating to the Floridas will bear considerable revision, and one or two others should be subjected to slight changes. The sequence of events leading to the Louisiana Purchase is not clearly observed. There are far too many minor slips in dates and other minutiae, and numerous instances of careless proof-reading. These will doubtless be corrected in the later edition which this work should call forth. The author's treatment of the series of diplomatic problems affecting our whole southern frontier, is, in the present reviewer's judgment, hardly adequate; but it is far easier to say this than to point out specific improvements in the same space, especially in view of the wide field the author attempts to cover.

The treatment of the Indian, and of western topics in general, is gratifying. The book is well proportioned, with a minimum of direct quotation, illustrative rather than definitive in character. Some readers may prefer a more strict adherence to the topical method than Professor Fish has followed. But a good teacher can remedy this defect, if such it be; while most will agree that the chronological treatment, with numerous chapters and paragraph indentations, adds to the usefulness of the book as a text. One misses a formal bibliography. The rather infrequent footnotes, giving references to monographs, collections of personal and general correspondence, and the better known scholarly magazines, suggest material for further study rather than afford citations to support the text. The index is ample, and evidently reasonably accurate.

Professor Fish has not produced a treatise like Trescott's. This is but another way of saying that his work is not based on personal experience, and that it does not embody the traditions of an earlier age. Nor does he exhibit the cautious judgment and predilection for system that mark the books of ex-Secretary Foster. But his pages reveal a purpose, easily perceptible to student and casual reader. American diplomacy, with all its faults, has been characterized by simplicity,

liberality, and directness. Personality, too, has played its part, but not in a way to obscure the true features of democracy. Our author wishes us to see these facts, and succeeds in making us see them. For this, his work deserves hearty commendation.

ISAAC JOSLIN COX.

WAR AND RELIGION.*

The Christian mind has never been so staggered as by the Great War. This shows the lack of logic in the Christian mind; for the hidden sins that eat placidly, poisonously, continuously, into the life of society give the lie to Christianity quite as much as war does. The death-rate among babies in a congested city is as devilish a fact as the slaughter of men by shrapnel and bayonets; indeed it is worse in a way, for fewer idealistic pretexts can be found for indirect murder than for modern war. The helplessness of the churches to stop that death-rate has long been cause of scoffing to radicals, and Christian men had as much reason to be ashamed of themselves in 1913 as they have now.

Yet the visible is the effective. For dramatic horror, this breaking loose of Hell in a seemingly secure and refined civilization is without parallel. We all know it,—witness our restless days and haunted nights. Christians know it perhaps best of all, and they are unhappy people these days. Their unhappiness, their perplexity, and, better, their attempts at constructive thinking, are reflected in numerous books, a few of which are dealt with in this review. When first the war broke out, men could utter little beyond a cry of pain. As it goes on, the power of thought awakens. The race must keep on living, and it must find out how. Religious minds ought to have some solution to offer; and the chief thing that strikes one in glancing over this group of books is that people are beginning to

recognize a stimulating power in the world-catastrophe, and to see in it not only judgment but opportunity.

France, England, America, and Russia are represented here. There are, as it happens, no books from Germany or Italy; but no one doubts that in these countries also are minds that rise with Romain Rolland "above the battle." Perhaps a writer in the "Christliche Welt" expressed other Germans besides himself awhile ago, when he demanded that a moratorium be proclaimed on Christianity till the war is over. The Pope is thinking,—though nobody dare pretend to read his mind.

Not all of these books are directly concerned with the issues of the present war. Indeed, the most striking of the group, Solovyof's "War and Christianity," was published in 1900, and the author died the following year. His thought is occupied with a general inquiry into the relations of Christianity to warfare and incidentally to all earthly life. The result is rather an extraordinary book. It shows the habitual Russian blend of realism with mysticism, of sardonic irony with naive and fervid faith. It is inconclusive, but it searches deep. The form is that of imaginary conversations. They are breezy, full of wit, as clever and modern as they are Russian. The speakers include a fine old General, erect-minded, religious, who is plunged in distress because modern peace-propaganda is undermining the devout faith in the nobility of war, necessary to the maintenance of military ideals; a politician, a good disputant, who entertains as he says the usual enlightened European point of view; a lady who plays the part of hostess; a young Prince, follower of Tolstoy, aglow with pacifist, socialist, humanitarian views; and a mysterious Mr. Z., who stays in the background, cracking an occasional joke or briefly exposing a fallacy, till he emerges in the last dialogue as the uncompromising Christian mystic, and bears off the honors.

It would be difficult to defend war better than the General does. Able statesmanship, fatuous and worldly, is capitally expressed by the politician. Culture and civilization are his shibboleths, and he has an international mind. War was a necessity while Europe was evolving order from barbarism, but it is becoming obsolete. In a society which possesses in common Shakespeare and Goethe and the great geniuses of France and Russia, any war would henceforth be civil war and is unlikely to happen. The pacifists meet his approval, for they are helping to dispel any slight danger that remains. The politician is an old man, and he talks at the end of the last century, so one may hope that he died happy.

* WAR AND CHRISTIANITY. By Vladimir Solovyof. Translated from the Russian, with Introduction, by Stephen Graham. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

TOWARDS ULTIMATE HARMONY. Published for the League of Peace and Freedom. London: Headley Brothers.

THE WORLD CRISIS AND ITS MEANING. By Felix Adler. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

THE GREAT SACRIFICE. By John Adams, B.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

LETTERES D'UN FRANCAIS A UN ITALIEN. Par Paul Sabatier. Paris.

THE WAR AND RELIGION. By Alfred Laisy. Translated from the French by Arthur Galton. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

THE MARE OF THE NATIONS AND THE WAY OUT. By Gaius Glenn Atkins. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co.

CHRISTIANITY AND INTERNATIONAL PEACE. By Charles Edward Jefferson. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co.

THE FIGHT FOR PEACE. By Sidney L. Gulick. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co.

CHRIST AND PEACE. London: Headley Brothers.

CHURCH AND NATION. Paddock Lectures, 1915. By William Temple. New York: The Macmillan Co.

The portrait of the Prince is the most interesting. He is the aversion of Solovyof, who was the determined opponent of Tolstoyan ideas. The choicest modern phrases concerning fraternity, social welfare, neo-Christianity that eliminates Christ, the kingdom of God on earth, run glibly off his lips. But there is something queer about him. The talk in time strikes into religious lines. Of a sudden, Mr. Z. challenges the reality of progress, and the stark question emerges whether Christianity justifies faith in social redemption on earth, or whether it points to a catastrophic end of history. Anti-Christ is mentioned; the Prince slips abruptly away. But when he returns, the distasteful subject is still under discussion. In the pleasant Riviera villa where the friends are gathered it is noted that the atmosphere has slightly darkened. Mr. Z. now leads the conversation. It is he who raised that question about progress, he who stresses the antithesis between a religion centred in a Resurrection, and the travesty—as he thinks—concerned only with kindness and social welfare. The hint why the Prince ran away is not pursued; only Mr. Z. closes the talk by reading a manuscript written by a monk, his friend. It is the prophecy of a world in which war has ceased and the ideals of the Prince prevail under the sway of Anti-Christ in person,—till the End of History arrives.

This last section may seem a mere fantasia, like Hugh Benson's "Lord of the World," which it curiously resembles. But somehow, again and again the book strikes to the quick. In the pacifist and humanitarian ideal, Solovyof sees only a subtle form of materialism, to be viewed with contemptuous dread. Should this ideal be fully realized, men will continue to live not in a Kingdom of God but in a Kingdom of Death, unless they accept the revelation of immortality in the Risen Christ. The cessation of war, social justice, all temporal improvements, are either temptations or trivialities. Nothing matters except the power of humanity to maintain faith in the eternal soul. In the assumption that belief in earthly progress and in supernatural Christianity are incompatible, may be recognized a pessimism peculiarly Russian and peculiarly profound.

It is to be feared that Solovyof would often hear the voice of his Prince in certain of the other books in our group, which approach the subject of peace purely from an ethical direction. This is true in the most vital of an interesting group of papers gathered from a Pacifist Conference in London,—those in particular by the Hon. Bertrand Russell and Mr. Edward Carpenter, which scintillate with

keen and brave ideas. It is probably the Prince who speaks also through Dr. Adler's "The World Crisis and Its Meaning," but he has gained insight and it is hard to cavil at him. The book is cogent and constructive. Dr. Adler is not a peace-at-any-price man. He holds that war may be just, even in self-defence,—that is, "in defence of the humanity resident in your own person." Yet he is clear that its moral assets are either temporary or by-products, and that "the fierce stimulant of war" is not necessary to nerve us to escape the evils of commercial sin. Dr. Adler is like Solovyof in at least one respect: he sees that militarism is merely a symptom, which can not be attacked directly. "Militarism is the gun, but the power behind the gun is commercialism, industrialism, imperialism." "The machine gun is the counterpart of the machine loom." Thus the human race has run into a sort of an impasse both in industry and in war.

How to get out of it? Dr. Adler shows relentlessly the weakness of most of the safeguards urged. The mainsprings of the peace movement,— "the appeal to sentiment and the appeal to pecuniary self-interest,"—have proved helpless. Religion and socialism are broken reeds. Little faith can be placed in Hague tribunals, international courts, or the abolition of secret diplomacy. Nationalism, based on the need for commercial expansion, culminating in rival imperialisms, and using militarism for its tool, is stronger than them all. But in the purification of nationalism can be found the slow way out. Mere cosmopolitan ideals are useless; but "a world-wide ethical movement inspired by an enlightened sense of varied national types is called for." A contribution to just such a sense is offered in an interesting and partially fresh chapter on American, German, and English ideals. German *Pflicht und Schuldigkeit* plus a mystic impulse are set against the aristocratic English watchword "noblesse oblige," with its conception of government from the top down, and the American reverence for the uncommon quality latent in the common man. When sympathetic understanding and mutual regard among nations are mature, and only then, something may be hoped for from mechanical devices for the enforcement of peace. Sacrifice and self-control are as essential as sympathy to compass the great end, but sacrifice for the nation can be found elsewhere than in war,—in the sphere of political and social activity. The book is therefore quite properly devoted in the last half to developing an admirable programme of social reform. The suggested incentive to such

reform is "so to live as to release the life that is in others." It is a noble formula, and if applied would certainly end war. Dr. Adler claims that not sympathy but spirituality is the animus of it. Christians will find it hard to acknowledge this, and are likely to deem the incentive, taken by itself, insufficient.

The understanding of alien national types for which Dr. Adler pleads is remote from some of the belligerents. Here is an English book, "The Great Sacrifice," which moves on very high levels in a way, urging with power the necessity that England repent her of her sins, but at the same time serenely assured that her cause is the cause of the Lord. And here are two of the chief religious leaders of France, M. Paul Sabatier and M. Paul Loisy, equally convinced that sheer barbarism characterizes their opponents. Solovyof's General would enjoy their assumption that fight to the death is the only way of righteousness. Each adds to this comfortable faith a personal stress,—for war does not suppress one's private specialties in enthusiasm. M. Sabatier is concerned with the genial effort to illustrate the promise of spiritual rebirth in France; M. Loisy quite as characteristically appears largely desirous of discrediting the Pope, and denying the increase of Catholic sympathies in his country. But the author of "L'Evangile et l'Eglise" goes further. He presses home by all the resources of his eloquence,—and he has, as the translator says, a style "light, clear, and pregnant,"—"the impotence of the Gospel to realize its ideal." "We are compelled to acknowledge that Christendom has failed continuously and increasingly to carry out the principles laid down by Christ. And the reason is not to be sought in our human imperfection,—but rather in the too simple imaginative and rigid form which the principle itself has assumed in the Gospel. It was a sublime and unrealizable dream."

Perhaps the war marks the final stage in discarding the dream. One feels that the former priest contemplates with a certain bitter satisfaction the spectacle of Christian nations destroying each other. And since old habit is strong, and the need for some sort of religion indubitable, it is with profound joy that he hails in Dr. Adler's "purified sense of nationality" the successor and substitute to the ascetic mythology which has long held Western thought under its dreamy yoke. His sharply cut contention is that patriotism and Christianity are opposed, and that patriotism is destined to supplant Christianity as a religious power. "Christianity is not founded upon the notion of humanity, but upon the

transcendental and unverifiable notion of a plan of eternal salvation devised by the Master of the universe for those whom he has willed to choose." "The gospel of Jesus implies the non-existence of nationality; it effaces it." "The author of this little book makes no claim except to patriotism,—such a national and truly humane ideal as may be a return towards the religions of antiquity. His final conclusion is that this ideal can and should go far beyond Christianity itself." This "super-religion," consisting in respect, first, for the individual, then for the nation, "has been derived from the Gospel; it has been prepared by the Gospel, and would not have been born without it, but it is going beyond it." Nothing conduces to clear thinking more than saying exactly what one means; M. Loisy is unmistakable.

So the Frenchman, like the Russian, faces a complete discrepancy between social or national progress and the ideal of Jesus; only where the Russian draws the inference that progress is worthless, the Frenchman decides that the Gospel is obsolete. The remaining books in our list deny the alternative. They are all the products of Christian optimism, maintaining, a little breathlessly, that if Christianity can only for once get itself tried it will outgrow war and usher in the Kingdom. They are equally sure that unless it does get itself tried, the race is headed for suicide.

None of these books have the literary charm of the French or the Russian. Most are extended pamphlets, written by professed pacifists,—succinct, pertinent, and charged to the lay mind with Christian commonsense. Neither their diagnosis nor their remedies, to be sure, come within the present horizon of politics,—but so much the worse for politics. The encouraging thing about them is that, seeing the long perspective ahead, they do not lose heart, but seek stubbornly to raise the peace-movement "from the mazy region of propaganda up to the plane of international politics" and to enlist statesmanship rather than sentiment in its service. They are free from partisanship; and they achieve an audacious feat of imagination,—for they contemplate a Christian nation! In that nation, honor is identified with forbearance and not with self-assertion, and risks are taken for the sake of peace. Far from coveting military efficiency, it would avoid that, because, as Dr. Jefferson says, the first effect of it would be to make the nations afraid of us, and "it is the worst fate that can befall a nation that other nations become afraid of it. Fear passes inevitably into hate, and the hate of its neigh-

bors is the one thing that no nation can afford. . . Who knows what might happen if a great Republic like ours should take a magnificent risk for God?"

This attitude does not mean belief that force can be wholly dismissed: against reasonable preparedness (soothing and meaningless watchword!) these authors have no protest. But generous fancy plays around far possibilities. Instead of spending thirty millions on two dreadnoughts, Dr. Jefferson sees America pouring out the same sum for the healing of the nations. And if indemnities are to be exacted, why should the nations responsible for the slaughter pay them? Why not we, who have suffered less and can afford more than any other people? Indemnities, be it remembered, are not paid by guilty governments but by innocent working folk. In like spirit, Dr. Gulick outlines a truly heavenly policy toward Mexico, such as might surely end her antagonism to us and almost put an end to her troubles. Such international behaviour might incidentally prove highly conducive to safety and prosperity in the long run!

These books are not written by dreamers, however, but by minds at close grapple with reality. On a nearer level, they are full of clear, keen thinking. Dr. Atkins analyzes with convincing power the real causes of war. Dr. Jefferson's study of the situation from a religious point of view leads straight to named corruptions at Washington. As for Dr. Gulick, his definite and brilliant proposals for the solution of our immigrant problem in the West have attracted attention in highest quarters. It may be said of all these works that they are rich in constructive suggestions, worthy the attention of all sober persons.

It is mean thought that does not kindle at such ideas; but it is foolish thought that expects to realize them easily. Sensible and inevitable as they sound, humanity must be born again to achieve them. No Hague conference, no pacifist machinery will avail,—on this all lay equal stress,—unless behind them lies a virile Christianity, strong to inspire national policies with the courage of fraternal faith. Must not such Christianity draw from deeper sources than mere ethical ideals? The supernatural in religion is not discussed by these books; it is assumed. They do not stop to ask whether the Gospel be simply an *ad interim* policy, for use while the human race awaits annihilation; they feel too desperately that all other sources of redemption fail. In the words of the Master of Life, they read no "plan of eternal salvation" for the elect, but principles of divine wisdom one with love,

which in measure as they are introduced into the hearts of men must pass into the structure of states.

An English book entitled "Christ and Peace," a collection of papers by minds now active in the Fellowship of Reconciliation, presses close home the Christian ideal in its fulness. It looks for the winning of the world to peace only when it shall be won to Christ, and the Cross dominates the road which leads to the great goal. On lines of statesmanship, this book is less valuable than some others; but of all under review it offers most help to the troubled private conscience. Perhaps it places a shade too much emphasis on the crime of inflicting physical death, as if that could be segregated from other crimes and put in a separate and more evil class. But the book as a whole has a pathetic interest as the work of Englishmen who have actually learned to love their enemies (one remembers that early in the war a clergyman was publicly rebuked for preaching from this text), and who are suffering for their convictions.

"Church and Nation," by another Englishman, the Rev. William Temple, may give yet more aid than the last to troubled minds. Mr. Temple, one of the authors of that stirring book, "Foundations," is a leader among the younger High Churchmen. His temperate, illuminating, closely reasoned discussion of the relations of Church and State has no direct bearing on the peace problem; and it can not be given in this review the attention which it deserves. But it meets point by point the argument of M. Loisy. Religion is broader than Christianity, and Christianity is broader than the Church. Yet even for the poor hesitant Church (to be revered, says one of the other writers, "not for what it has done but for what it is going to do") the present crisis may offer the opportunity of the ages. Only, however, thinks Mr. Temple, if that crisis stimulates it to embrace at once that principle of nationality which Catholicism has wrongly ignored, and that universal ideal which the Reformation abandoned. If it can rise to this height we may yet see, not a free Church in a free State but free States in a free Church, and such a Church may be the very power needed to purify patriotism from its narrowness, and the essential preliminary to a united and fraternal world.

At all events, the religious mind, as met in these books, is neither moribund nor cloistered. It is bowed down by penitence, it gropes bewildered among shadows, it contradicts itself often. But it lives and wakes and seeks.

VIDA D. SCUDDER.

RECENT FICTION.*

Mr. Chamberlain's "John Bogardus" is the story of a young man with a pre-arranged education who came into the monotonous conventionality of American university life and felt that if he was ever to be anything worth while he must make his escape, get out into the world, and become something worth while to be. So only would he have anything to teach. He went out into the world and served several turns, first as a gentleman-vagabond and then as a sailor, and learned that whatever one becomes, one always becomes all that one has been,—or, in other words, that everything counts and that one must count everything, especially in marriage. This wisdom he gained by several experiences. The first taught him something about the personal life, the second something about the life in common, both through the medium of girls. He then drifted into being a man of letters, and had another and deeper experience of which I cannot state the exact influence, save that (in connection with the war) it gave him enlarged and excellent views on society which he embodied in some very impressive essays on "The New Crucifixion." The result of these essays was that he was once more called to the university from which he had made his escape, and accepted the call with the feeling that he had at last got something that he could teach. It is not said whether there will be another volume telling what he taught, and (to my mind a much more difficult matter) how he taught it.

From this account one will easily judge that one ought to read this book with more sympathetic interest than I have had. I must confess that this is so, although Mr. Chamberlain's main idea (so far as I grasp it) seems to me excellent. Many must feel how unsatisfactory is the teaching and living founded only on what one has been told, whether by a previous generation or by one's own, or what one has read in books or magazines or Sunday supplements. One often wants (whether a university teacher or not) to live a life and to see others live a life which is the simple and direct expression of what one really is. Millions have had that feeling, and it is at the very bottom of that revolutionary teaching which will in time transform the world. Nothing external is enough, our Lord felt,—

no laws, commandments, customs, usages, principles, or anything else. It is only from within that one can have real life. John Bogardus set off on no foolish quest; he set off on a journey in which he had been preceded by some of the noblest who have lived. That he did not seek the end by the way they trod is not necessarily against him or against Mr. Chamberlain, for one must work with what one has, and in the end if you get to the right place you are there, however you may have got there. Nor is it remarkable that Mr. Chamberlain should have found that the way he had conceived led to a new (and to most of our minds a very discreditable) crucifixion, for some sort of crucifixion inevitably stands before the end of such a way. One need not object to such reasons as those. But in reading a story like this, one cannot avoid wanting to be carried along by a sense of reality, by a feeling of life, by the illusion (if illusion it be) that all this is so, that however strange these ways, however unjustified in the minds of the wise and the prudent, however impossible to those who judge of what may be by the cold proof of what has always been,—yet still that outcome is plain, undeniable, and absolutely right and to be desired.

In fact, one may offer the book its own test. All this, we may say, must come out of actuality. Not because Mr. Chamberlain has read of such and such experiences of farm-hand and sailor, or thought of them, or wished for them,—not even because he may have had them. It is of no consequence what he read, thought of, wished, or was, unless his reading, thinking, wishing, being has somehow given him the power of understanding the tremendous cross-currents of the life he tells of, or of feeling their tumultuous courses so deeply that he can make it all seem to us in a measure at least what it has been to him, or may have been. The book should give us the illusion, at least, of life.

There are two other books which come to mind here: Mr. Kussy's "The Abyss," and Mr. Noble's "The Bottle-Fillers," for they deal more particularly with phases of life that "John Bogardus" passes over rather lightly, one the life of a vagabond, the other the life of a sailor. These books appear to be written by men whose heads and hearts are full of things that they must write down. They are full of actuality, full of detail, full of fact. They do not carry conviction to an equal degree; "The Bottle-Fillers" is the more vivid, the more living, the more actual book. Both writers are possessed by an idea, and that idea much the same: the insistent feeling that

* JOHN BOGARDUS. By George Agnew Chamberlain. New York: The Century Co.

THE BOTTLE-FILLERS. By Edward Noble. New York: Houghton Mifflin Co.

THE ABYSS. By Nathan Kussy. New York: The Macmillan Co.

THOSE ABOUT TRENCH. By Edw. Herbert Lewis. New York: The Macmillan Co.

the sailor, the hobo, is an individual who struggles in a failing fight with the dead weight of a social indifference and a social stupidity. Yet in neither book is the idea so dominant as to override the things which give it form; in neither does it take away from the impression of life itself. The captain of the inferior and overloaded "tramp" first battles with the sea, then has to battle (in an inquiry) with the inadequate machinery of an out-worn system, then with the vaguely ponderable weight of society in general, always pressing on a man already down. It is all good; in all, Mr. Noble knows what he is talking of and takes his time to tell us. Storm at sea, dense and heavy lawcourt, the dirty round of the wet docks,—one after another, and a dozen more, scene after scene, give us the actual, vital, acrid taste of life, yet thrilling too, even tonic. The descriptions of the sea are the best, perhaps because even in life itself some things are felt more keenly than others; the touch of art is always the same whether the subject be remarkable or commonplace, yet there is something in subject too. Mr. Noble is a fine hand at the sea. I have read nothing by him before; if I had, I should be sure to remember it. Nor is the book merely a string of descriptions,—nothing of the sort: there are people in it too, not such very marked characters but people with feeling, deep and passionate, so that we follow along the course of O'Hagan and Lucy with that sort of sympathy that makes one acquiesce in the end that our writer sees must be. Good fortune, or bad fortune, it all has the sign of actuality.

"The Abyss" does not give any such sense of coming direct from life itself, nor could one properly expect that it would. Few who have ever known those depths as a matter of daily experience ever come up to what we think of as the surface. Hobos, broken men, down-and-outs rarely turn men of letters. If one would write of such life one must learn of it from such report as one may get, and it is hard work to give a clear, an undisturbed view. Mr. Kussy's book sounds a little too much like the newspapers in some places, too much like Dickens in others. It rarely has the peculiar smell of the underworld; his people have had a bath and their clothes have been fumigated. Still, there is much in the book. The childhood of the little Jewish boy, the life on the road, the days in prison, the effort to make a place in the world of New York, are all true to life, even if they have not the absolute illusion to make it seem life itself.

Both books make us feel what the authors have in mind. They do not have to tell us—

often, it is true, they cannot help telling us—how hard is the world, how cruel, how stupid, but that is because it seems as though they could not help it, as though the thing were somehow pressed out of them. Such books make more of an impression on me than the rather airy résumé that gives us the striking points in the working out of an idea.

"Those about Trench" is a very interesting book, though it seems to be written with a thorough disregard for the very things which might have been chiefly counted on to make it so. One cannot say it has a well-constructed plot; it begins with an interest about Dr. Trench, goes on with Saadi Sereef, and then gets well settled for the last half on Jaffer, whom no one has heard of before. Then it is not strong on character: the representatives of the different nationalities who have gathered about Trench seem admirably drawn, but the only one I can judge—the American—is sadly commonplace or else conventional, and so, possibly, the others may be. The book has a "fundamental idea" without much doubt, but for most of one's reading one forgets that there is one, and the author certainly neglects to clinch the matter at the end. Indeed, Mr. Lewis neglects to do most of the things he ought to have done (in any ordinary well-behaved way), and yet he somehow gives the constant impression that he is all right and that his book is excellent. One reads it with unflagging interest in what is going to happen next; the people are always entertaining (except perhaps one or two), and the idea of the book keeps impressing itself here and there so that at the end one remembers it, even though Mr. Lewis does not bother to say much on the subject.

Those about Trench from whom the book is named are a number of medical students gathered in Chicago from various parts of the earth—China, India, Boston, Russia, Persia—for the study of medicine, who have come under the wing of Dr. Trench and live in a sort of caravansary in his house. Just this combination is probably enough to carry any book,—indeed, if Mr. Lewis had not allowed himself to be diverted from them to topics unprovided for in his title he would probably have developed the possibility more fully. Beside these five, there is Jaffer (who used to be of the number but has gone back to the hill-country of India) and Saadi Sereef, who really take away the interest from the caravansary and locate it in their own persons and proceedings. Not the least charm of these Orientals is their mastery of the English language. The Persian appears to be the best at it; he is certainly much more elegant than

the Bostonian, whose conversation is deplorably like that of other Americans of his age. But Saadi Sereef comes very near him, though his inability (apparently total) to imagine the function of the article in our speech gives his language a most whimsical turn. But it is not merely with these interesting Orientals that the story has to do. Dr. Trench has other interests, and Mr. Lewis has chosen as the time for his story the period of a year or so (I take it) before his marriage, so that we become interested in the lady who became his wife and her concerns. All these matters are intermingled and developed and make a plot which, as I have said, is not at all what it should be.

Dr. Trench was a scientist and what we should vaguely call an atheist,—at least he told Saadi he did not believe in Bog. Ameen was a very broad-minded person, Chatterjee belonged to the Brahmo Somaj, Becker was a Jew, Wu may have been a Confucian, Deland was an earnest member of the Y. M. C. A., Saadi said he hated and despised religion. There was in all this something oppressive to Miss Edith Bridgeman, a young woman with strong religious convictions and principles who was engaged in studying science. She and Dr. Trench both gained an enlargement of view during the time covered by the story. So did Saadi, although I am not at all clear just what it was. Mr. Lewis probably felt that he had better business in hand than theological or even psychological analysis. He possibly felt that viewing life as he did and seeing certain things in it, it was quite enough to present what he saw and let the rest take care of itself.

I think he was quite right. No one can maintain that a novelist should have no convictions about the serious things of life (religion among them), or that he should not allow them a place in his books. It is better that he should believe much and that what he believes should be found in his books. It has been so with almost all great novelists: they have had all sorts of beliefs and convictions, and one has generally been able to get at those they felt most important. Our prejudice against such things comes first in the case of men who are not great novelists, but who take the form of the novel as a means of presenting their views. It is deepened by those who, though they have something of the novelist's art, are still unable to make their ideas implicit in the picture of life that they convey. Mr. H. G. Wells, a while ago, took pains to say that religion nowadays was practically barred from the newspaper and the novel. As to the newspaper, we need not

concern ourselves; but as to the novel, it may be said that (whatever be the fact) there is always an opportunity for religion in a novel when there happens to be a religious element in the life that has interested the novelist. Hence there is a good deal of religious thought in the novels of our own time,—about one hundred times the amount there was when Sir Walter Besant said, "Thank heaven, the religious novel is a thing of the past." "Those about Trench" is not a religious novel, but the people who are in it are not insensible to what is still one of the most universal of the higher impulses of life.

EDWARD E. HALE.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

A posthumous volume by Sister Nivedita.

Several books by the late Sister Nivedita (Margaret E. Noble) have been reviewed in these columns, all of them being concerned primarily with presenting Hinduism to Occidental minds. In a new volume by this remarkable Irish woman, "Religion and Dharma" (Longmans), we have the other side of her work. Here again she is absolutely confident of the "power of the Indian consciousness to absorb the contribution of the West and to transmute it"; and she is equally confident that Hinduism in some form will soon be the leading religion and philosophy of the world. "Not the churches of the world alone, but the very universities of Europe, will yet do homage before the names of Indian thinkers, who, living in the shelter of forest-trees, and clad in birch-bark or in loin-cloths, have formulated truths more penetrating and more comprehensive than any of which Europe herself—childishly bent on material comfort—ever dreamed." But she is not so intent on emphasizing this belief as on appealing to Young India to appropriate and develop the virtues we are prone to think of as belonging rather to the Occident than to the Orient. Of course it is impossible to say what effect these papers will have on their readers; but to the present reviewer they seem exactly the sort of thing that ought to be said to the youth of India. "Righteousness lies in duty done." "Heroism in great moments is the natural blossom of a life that in its little moments is fine and fearless." "Hinduism will undoubtedly develop a larger democratic element." "The struggle with material conditions is eternally necessary for the upward growth of the spirit." "Does it matter that instead of ringing the temple bells at evening, we are to turn to revive a dying industry? Does it matter that instead of altars we are to build

factories and universities?" "Fighting is worship as good as praying. Labor is offering as acceptable as Ganges water." But readers who are interested in India will prefer to make their own excerpts from this thoughtful volume. Probably we should note that the pieces in this posthumous collection appeared originally several years ago. In a brief Introduction, Mr. H. K. Ratcliffe says we should remember that they "were thrown off with great rapidity in the midst of a crowded and arduous life of service in India"; but no apology is needed, when their purpose is kept in mind.

The book of the homeless.

When, in the late autumn of 1914, the first bewildered fugitives from the war areas began to drift into Paris, and some systematic provision for their relief became imperative, Mrs. Edith Wharton and others of a little group of American and French residents in the capital organized the American Hostels for Refugees. To provide needed funds for the ever-increasing activities of this organization, and for the allied labors of the Children of Flanders Rescue Committee, Mrs. Wharton conceived the plan of enlisting the collaboration of her literary and artistic confrères in the production of a volume that might be likely to find a wide popular sale in this country and abroad. This plan is now realized in "The Book of the Homeless" (Scribner), a quarto of imposing beauty in every external detail, and providing in its contents a remarkably varied and attractive feast. So many famous names — English, American, French, Belgian — appear in the list of contributors that to begin to specify without going through the entire roll would be difficult indeed. Besides editing the volume, Mrs. Wharton has enriched its pages with an original poem and with numerous English renderings, remarkable in quality, of the poems contributed by French writers. These, and the offerings of Henry James, Mr. Joseph Conrad, Mr. John Galsworthy, and Mrs. Humphry Ward, seem to us the most notable items on the literary side. In the artistic section, special mention should be made of the fine photogravure from Sargent's portrait of Henry James, and the reproductions in color of work by Léon Bakst, Claude Monet, and Rodin. There are one or two contributions that might well have been spared from the book, — as for instance, Miss Agnes Repplier's attempt to maintain the novel thesis that the sins of one nation cancel or obliterate the sins of another, the writer misquoting Matthew Arnold into the bargain; or Mr. Edmund Gosse's solemn arraignment of "The Arrogance and Servility of Germany"

on the evidence of a nocturnal frolic of some German officers in a Königswinter hotel. A delicious bit of fooling, in grateful contrast to the necessarily rather sombre atmosphere of the book as a whole, is Mr. Max Beerbohm's colored cartoon, "A Gracious Act," depicting "Lord Curzon of Kedleston reading to M. Cammaerts a translation (signed with his own hand) of a poem by M. Cammaerts." Altogether, we cannot commend this notable book too unreservedly to our readers, both for its own quality and for the sake of the beneficent charities in whose interests it is published.

Humorous aspects of the lecturer's lot.

If Mr. John Kendrick Bangs is always as successful in entertaining his lecture-audiences as he is in amusing his readers with anecdotes of his lecturing experiences, he will never speak to other than full houses. "From Pillar to Post" (The Century Co.) rehearses the humors, agreeable and vexatious, of a lecturer's lot as recalled by Mr. Bangs after an extended acquaintance with its pleasures and pains. His opening chapter contains a reminiscence, not untimely at the present moment, of a finely characteristic exhibition of tact and kindness on the part of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe. At an authors' reading toward the end of the last century he was attacked, before the performance began, by stage fright, if we are to believe his words, and was only rescued from utter collapse by the touch of a woman's soft hand on his own and the sound of a woman's voice, with a slight catch and tremor in it, saying: "Oh, Mr. Bangs, do you know I am so nervous about going out before all those people to-night that I really believe I shall have to borrow some of your manly courage and strength to carry me through!" The speaker was Mrs. Howe, "her lovely eyes full of sympathy, touched with a joyous reassuring twinkle." Enjoyably human and real are the many varied characters, chance acquaintances for the most part, that give life and color to Mr. Bangs's pages, though the oddity of the "vagrant poet" in chapter five tends to strain credulity. It is a book packed with amusing incident and accident (the latter not always so amusing to the victim) as well as with manifold types of human nature. Mr. John R. Neill catches the spirit of it all in his numerous drawings.

European history, 1896-1914.

Professor Charles Sanford Terry's "Short History of Europe" (Dutton) is the last of a series of three volumes in which the author attempts to cover the history of Europe since

the "fall of Rome" in 476. The present volume begins with the dissolution of the Holy Roman Empire and closes with the outbreak of the great European War—or, as he calls it, the *Zweikaiserkrieg* of 1914. Professor Terry's treatment of his theme differs from that of conventional histories in that he deals almost exclusively with large movements of international importance and ignores everything that is isolated and unrelated to the larger politics. The work consequently includes no discussion of domestic problems and legislation in the various states; and even Socialism, which has at least been believed to be an international movement, is discussed only in connection with the republican experiment of France in 1848. On the other hand, the reconstruction of Switzerland is treated at considerable length, and a chapter is given to Latin America and its revolt from Spain. The author writes clearly and energetically, and has succeeded well in his effort to give a concise account of the great changes which Europe has undergone during the past hundred years. For the present, however, the interest of the work will lie chiefly in the last fifteen pages, in which Professor Terry traces the diplomatic moves that led up to the outbreak of the great war. As the author holds a professorship in the University of Aberdeen, the work is naturally written from the British viewpoint. But except for a few pages of the Introduction and the closing chapter, Professor Terry's history will be found profitable and enjoyable reading by all, even by those whose sympathies at present are with the central powers.

The methods and aims of great writers.

From the corners of the artistic universe, Professor Lane Cooper has collected in "Methods and Aims in the Study of Literature" (Ginn) an admirable series of extracts designed primarily for advanced college classes. The first section of the book, "On Method in General," draws light from Leonardo da Vinci, Milton, Kenyon Cox, Agassiz, and others as diverse, in an endeavor to discover the bond between science and art. All of this is highly stimulating to careful thought, though the underlying unity of method in science and art is perhaps not so fruitful a conception as the fundamental distinctions between the two. The subsequent divisions deal with the practice of great writers in composing (with emphasis on revision), the reading of great poets, and, as a concluding illustration of the principles previously stressed, "Method in the Poetry of Love." Although Professor Cooper's book is concerned with method rather than with

matter, and would therefore need to be supplemented, for practical use, with a book or with lectures on literature as an interpretation of life, it does excellently what imperatively needs to be done,—it makes perfectly clear the rigorous discipline without which the writer is foredoomed to oblivion. This is made impressive physiologically, so to speak, through the extracts from Dorothy Wordsworth's "Journals," in which William is recorded as constantly tiring himself with labor on "The Pedlar," and sleeping very ill, and even keeping the dinner waiting till four o'clock. The editor has happily included his own "Glance at Wordsworth's Reading," reprinted from "Modern Language Notes."

A disciple of Walt Whitman.

Mr. Edward Carpenter has said of Walt Whitman's influence, "I find it difficult to imagine what my life would have been without it," and he has also, on the same page of his own chief work, emphasized the fact of his own distinctive qualities of mind and heart and disposition, thus: "Anyhow, our temperaments, standpoints, antecedents, etc., are so entirely diverse and opposite that, except for a few points, I can hardly imagine that there is much real resemblance to be traced." Exactly what is the nature of the younger man's indebtedness to the older is expressed by Mr. Edward Lewis in his book, "Edward Carpenter: An Exposition and an Appreciation" (Macmillan), in "the figure of speech that Whitman played the part of a midwife in the deliverance of Carpenter's spiritual child." Mr. Lewis's chapters naturally concern themselves to a great extent with "Toward Democracy," its writer's most elaborate expression of his creed, and in form and substance an inevitable reminder of "Leaves of Grass." But if its writer harked back to Whitman in this work, he anticipated another master, Professor Bergson, in some thoughts to which he gave utterance in a later important book, "The Art of Creation." These two works, with others of narrower scope, from the same pen, are made to illuminate the dozen chapters that set forth the doctrine of this remarkable teacher, while the opening and closing pages are given to more purely personal aspects of the man. The book is provided with portrait, index, and footnotes. It is a warmly sympathetic treatment of its theme.

An epic of mediæval Russia.

The recent widespread interest in the great writers of modern Russia may have operated indirectly in bringing about now, for the first time, the translation into English of the early

historical epic, "The Tale of the Armament of Igor" (Oxford University Press). Certainly it seems strange to those familiar with the degree of ignorance of and indifference toward English literature of the Middle Ages—a degree of ignorance and indifference much greater than that shown to Old English—to find this twelfth century epic of Russia translated with the hope of gaining readers. A further surprise which will greet the student of European literature who has not been able to read the Slavonic, is the sophistication and genuine poetic merit of this poem, written between 1185 and 1187—eighteen years prior to our own "Brut" of Layamon. It is decidedly not inferior to the "Brut" in spirit or in style. The unknown author seems to have been a companion of Igor Svyatoslavich in an unsuccessful foray against the Polovtsy. The story, following the chronicle closely, has no wide national significance, except as showing in the character of Igor, in his impulsive generosity but his fatal weakness, the desperate state of central Russia under the widespread anarchy obtaining at the time. The manuscript, dating from the sixteenth century, was discovered in 1795, and published in 1800 by Count Musin-Pushkin. The purpose of the editor and translator, Mr. Leonard A. Magnus (who, by the way, is about to publish a "Concise Grammar of the Russian Language"), is of course linguistic rather than literary. The notes and critical material are satisfying and illuminating. The value of the book is further enhanced by a map of mediæval Russian, complete genealogical tables of the period, and especially by a scheme of transliteration from the Greek or Cyrillic alphabet to the Romanized forms.

Socrates as a guide in the conduct of life.

The world needs continually to be introduced to its great men. Therefore it is a laudable purpose of Mr. William Ellery Leonard's, in his little volume entitled "Socrates, Master of Life" (Open Court Publishing Co.), to "re-interpret, imaginatively yet critically, an ancient personality that has too often become for the scholar merely one or another technical problem, and for the general reader too often but a name or an anecdote." Provided with a select bibliography, and giving a balanced account of the life and philosophy of Socrates, the book is frankly introductory; but, as the title indicates, the greatness of Socrates is made to consist in his wisdom in the conduct of life. "Kant founded the moral life in the good will; Socrates in right thinking." And the author admirably points out the timeliness of his subject, in that "the romantic

ethical tendencies of to-day need the propædæutic of Socrates more than of Kant. The good will we have always with us, giving often enough, with ghastly best wishes, unwittingly a serpent for a fish and a stone for bread; but the intelligence to see the practical bearings of conduct and to discriminate between higher and lower ideals is too often lacking—to the dwarfing of the individual and to the confusion of society. The fool in Sill's poem (which goes deep) prayed not for the good will, but for wisdom; and therefore the less fool he."

Chapters of self-revelation.

In "Confessions of Two Brothers," by Mr. John Cowper Powys and Mr. Llewellyn Powys, there is the same resolutely uncompromising, grimly unflattering disclosure of self as in the recently noticed book of a third brother, namely, "The Soliloquy of a Hermit," by Mr. Theodore Francis Powys. All three have the courage of unreserved candor—so far as candor can be unreserved. All three, but especially John and Theodore, take a sort of sardonic delight in heaping scorn upon their own weaknesses and deriding their own follies. Of course there must be something of literary affectation in all this, even while the writers profess to give nothing but the naked truth. When, for instance, the first-named of the three declares himself utterly devoid of "sympathetic interest in himself," and then devotes chapter after chapter to self-dissection and self-portrayal, he fails to convince the reader in that one respect. To the mind not interested in its own processes it never once occurs to proclaim the fact, so engrossing is the outer world. But the younger of the "two brothers," Mr. Llewellyn Powys, is clearly more concerned with the objective than with the subjective. His contribution to the volume is something more than spiritual autobiography, admirable though that is in the preceding portion, and his extracts from "the diary of a private tutor" and from "a consumptive's diary," with a too brief mention of a visit to America (from his native England), are agreeably free from the introspection that, in its turn, had made the other's pages equally interesting, in a different way. Whatever the faults of the book, it is not commonplace or insignificant. (The Manas Press, Rochester, N. Y.)

Records of travel in ancient Egypt.

A series entitled "Early Egyptian Records of Travel" (Princeton University Press) has been planned by Mr. David Paton, to furnish "materials for a historical geography of Western Asia." The earliest documents, ex-

tending down to the close of the XVII Dynasty, have just appeared as Volume I. Such well known inscriptions as the autobiography of Uni and the literary tale of Sinuhe are included. Though the established character of these and the other records is evident from the comprehensive bibliography cited, the author has gone over them again with the latest researches in mind, noting in detail even the exact signs used in the Egyptian texts. In fact, the greater share of his space is occupied by introductory description and columns of collation and transliteration, much of which workshop material could well have been left to its sources. The translations modestly disclaim "anything in the nature of originality or authority." Mr. Paton's dependence results in minor slips which would scarcely be possible to an Egyptologist. The Asiatic names which form the goal of the present work are extended into a final column. But the context has loomed so large in the author's thought and treatment that even this column of results shows more African terms than Asiatic. The book is printed from unduly reduced zinc etchings of typewritten tables, very neat in appearance but a burden to the eyes. Form and material, then, combine to discourage the reader. The compilation is chiefly of bibliographical value.

A history of the Jews in Russia and Poland.

In "The Jews of Russia and Poland" (Putnam), Professor Israel Friedländer, of the Jewish Theological Seminary of America, presents a concise, eloquent, and depressing statement of the history of the Jewish people in the Slavonic countries. The style of the book is fluent, and is marked with an undercurrent of repressed emotion which cannot but color the data presented. No attempt is made either to analyze documents or to expound situations. The book moves as a compendious narrative, from which all that might interfere with the progress of the story has been eliminated. The adventure of the Jews into Poland, the history of their relation to the Polish kings, to the Shlakhta or nobility, their economic rivalry with the burghers, their rise and decline in power, their gradual isolation from contact with the non-Jewish world, their reaction to the policy of heartless annihilation initiated by the Russian government after the partition of Poland, are all touched on with a firm hand and profound sympathy. The Russian government, indeed, is credited in the preface with "a consistent attempt to destroy Jews and Judaism in that country." The case makes itself. On the other hand, the chapter on the inner development of Russo-

Polish Jewry is inadequate. The existence of a chartered autonomy, and the consequent federal form of inter-communal organization are declared, but not sufficiently exhibited, nor their effects described. Similarly, the record of spiritual changes marking the rise of new religious modes, of the Hebrew and Yiddish Renaissance, of the neo-nationalist movement and other secularist developments, serves only to whet the appetite for more. It is to be hoped that Professor Friedländer will some day give us an adequate book on these topics.

Mind cures once more.

A volume by Mr. Geoffrey Rhodes on "Mind Cures" (Luce) tempts the reviewer to resort to the sort of damning by faint praise which is his dangerous privilege. The book deserves a better fate, though it is doubtful whether it adds very considerably to a knowledge of the subject or to the convenient aids to acquiring such a knowledge. It presents a variety of moderate virtues. It reflects a modern and a reasonable point of view; it is safe and sane. Its citations of psychology are sound, and its applications timely. Indeed, the accounts of cases, many of them growing out of the practice of the author, constitute the most valuable portion of the manual. It is not very systematically or convincingly put together; it leaves the reader with the impression that mind cures are real, but scarcely develops that impression to an orderly understanding of the basis of mental action in the alleviation of physical ills. As a discursive introduction to the subject it may be safely commended.

The Bible as a work of literature.

Well fitted to arouse interest in the Bible as a work of literature is the little book by Mr. George P. Eckman entitled, "The Literary Primacy of the Bible." Its six chapters were originally delivered as the second series of Mendenhall Lectures at De Pauw University, and are introduced with a foreword by President Grose. That the lecturer has not in this instance concerned himself exclusively with doctrinal theology in his message to his De Pauw audience, may be inferred from the headings of his lectures, such as "The Poetry and Oratory of the Bible," "The Fiction and Humor of the Bible," and "The Bible the Most Persistent Force in Literature." In asserting of the Bible, as he does at the outset, that "the larger number of our colleges and universities insist on placing it among the indispensable text-books of their curricula," the author rather seems to make the wish the

father to the assertion. In how many college catalogues is the Bible included in the list of prescribed text-books? Both literary and Biblical learning and illustrative anecdote, with a wealth of apt quotation, are found in this readable volume from one whose own literary style bears evidence of profitable hours spent with the book which Charles Dudley Warner once went so far as to call "in itself almost a liberal education." (The Methodist Book Concern.)

BRIEFER MENTION.

A revised edition of "The History of American Music" (Macmillan) by Mr. Louis C. Elson forms the second volume in the series, "The History of American Art," prepared under the editorial supervision of Mr. John C. Van Dyke. The merits of Mr. Elson's work were pointed out in these columns some twelve years ago upon its first appearance, when it was warmly commended as a valuable guide in its field.

Dr. Charles Brodie Patterson, in "The Rhythm of Life" (Crowell), rightly emphasizes the importance of music in the educational scheme; the Greeks long ago taught the world the indispensability of music to culture. But rhythmic effects are produced not by sound alone; color also has its harmonies. "Color is sound made visible, and sound is color made audible." The regenerating, re-invigorating, therapeutic action of visible and audible harmonies on the human system is enlarged upon with enthusiasm by Dr. Patterson. The score of chapters treat of music as a compelling power, the dance, music and color tones, color tonics, music and character, cosmic consciousness, musical therapeutics, and other related themes, all presented with the persuasive charm that comes from earnestness and conviction on the writer's part.

In his Conway Memorial Lecture on the "The Stoic Philosophy" (Putnam), Professor Gilbert Murray gives a fresh and enlivening account of "a way of looking at the world and the practical problems of life which possesses still a permanent interest for the human race and a permanent power of inspiration." The review, in the course of an hour, of a system so multifoldly inspired, with a content so various, and with an appeal to men of temperament and station so opposed as Marcus Aurelius and Epictetus, can hardly do more than sketch in its outline. Professor Murray does this with a characteristically firm hand. He shows how Stoicism is a theory of life, a religion, rather than a system of dialectic, and how consequently logically contradictory but practically and emotionally satisfactory conclusions are drawn from its premises at the same time.

The Virginia State Library has recently published part one of "A Bibliography of Virginia," compiled by Mr. Earl G. Swem, who has already

to his credit several excellent publications of smaller character. This bibliography contains 7,000 titles of books now in the Virginia State Library which relate to Virginia or were written by Virginians or were printed in Virginia. Official publications are not included, but it is planned to bring out a list of these as part two of the bibliography. Mr. Swem estimated that the collections in the State Library lack 10,000 to 15,000 titles of being complete; and he announces that as the missing titles are acquired supplementary lists will be issued. This publication is a first-class contribution to American bibliography. It is fitting that the "Mother of Presidents" should be among the foremost of the states in preserving the history of her people. One hopes that the Virginia State Library, on account of the excellent character of its work, will receive the financial and other support which it deserves.

Under the somewhat pretentious title, "The Universal Plot Catalog," a little manual by Mr. Henry Albert Phillips brings together in classified form a good number of items suitable for use as plot material, and introduces this material with instructive remarks on the best way to handle it in plot-construction. Not to seven or eleven or any other definite number does he reduce all the variations of the major plots that have in countless shapes entertained the lovers of romance from the earliest times; on the contrary, he asserts that "it would take many large tomes" to hold merely a list of all the plots that have ever been used, while the number of "good, complete plots that are possible through combinations of plot material" he believes to be incalculable. A careful index with cross references is appended to the table of plot material, and an illustrative example of the skilful use of such material is given. If the story-teller, unlike the poet, is made and not born, here is the book that will help to the making of him. (Stanhope-Dodge Publishing Co., Larchmont, N. Y.)

Since the publication, three hundred and fifty years ago, of Aurifaber's compilation of Luther's table-talk, many additional records have come to light, and much of this new material has been put into printed form in comparatively recent years. Luther had many reporters, and their notes are all of interest. Thus, besides Aurifaber, there were Lauterbach, Cordatus, Schlaginhaufen, Mathesius, Rabe, Heydenreich, Weller, Besold, and Plato (name of good omen in this connection), who all, as students at the Black Cloister, sat at the master's board at one time or another, and zealously recorded his utterances. A selection from this more lately published material has been made and translated, with notes and index, by that well-equipped Luther scholar, Preserved Smith, Ph.D., with the collaboration of Herbert Percival Gallinger, Ph.D. "Conversations with Luther" is the book's title, and within modest compass will be found the cream of the great reformer's familiar talk not already long familiar to the world in the standard work mentioned above. Portraits and other illustrations are judiciously supplied. (The Pilgrim Press.)

NOTES.

"The Golden Apple" is the title of a new play by Lady Gregory, which is soon to be published.

A book of verse by Miss Mary Aldis, entitled "Flashlights," is announced by Messrs. Duffield.

"The Buffon," a novel of contemporary life by Mr. Louis W. Wilkinson, is announced for early publication by Mr. Alfred A. Knopf.

"Scenes from the Life of Benjamin Franklin" by Messrs. Charles E. Mills and Louis A. Holman will be issued this month by Messrs. Small, Maynard & Co.

Mr. Hilaire Belloc will soon follow up his "High Lights of the French Revolution" (published last autumn) with a volume entitled "The Last Days of the French Monarchy."

Mrs. Havelock Ellis, who dealt at some length with James Hinton in her book entitled "Three Modern Seers," has recently completed a more elaborate study of Hinton, which will appear during the spring.

The first number of a new periodical devoted to literature and art, to be called "The Quarterly Notebook," will be published in the near future by Mr. H. A. Fowler of Kansas City, Mo., formerly publisher of "The Miscellany."

Early additions to the "Writers of the Day" series will include volumes on Henry James, Mrs. Humphry Ward, and Mrs. Edith Wharton, the writers of these studies being Miss Rebecca West, Mr. Stephen Gwynn, and Mr. Robert Lynd, respectively.

In his forthcoming volume on "Society and Prisons," Mr. Thomas Mott Osborne will present a constructive programme for dealing with the prison problem based on his own experience and observations. The Yale University Press will publish the book.

"Victory in Defeat" is the title of a war book by Mr. Stanley Washburn to be published immediately by Messrs. Doubleday. It deals entirely with the Russian phase of the war, giving an analytical account of the great Russian retreat from Galicia and Poland.

A new volume from the pen of Mr. Fielding Hall, to be entitled "For England," will appear shortly. Like Mr. Fielding Hall's last book, "The Field of Honour," this new volume will consist of stories and poems not of actual warfare itself, but rather of the indirect effects of war upon the homes of England.

A volume of "Selected Poems" by Gustaf Fröding, translated from the Swedish and provided with an Introduction by Mr. Charles Wharton Stork, will be issued by the Macmillan Co. This is the first English translation of Fröding, who, in the opinion of Professor Stork, is "the most striking and probably the greatest figure in the long array of distinguished Swedish poets."

Among other forthcoming publications of Messrs. Longmans are the following: "The Ivory Child," by Sir Rider Haggard; "My Lady of the Moor," by Mr. John Oxenham; "Driftwood Spars," by Mr. Percival Christopher Wren; "Verdun to the Vosges," by Mr. Gerald Campbell;

and the third volume of "Ireland under the Stuarts and during the Interregnum," by Dr. Richard Bagwell.

Mr. A. E. Gallatin has written a new volume of essays in art criticism which the John Lane Co. will publish in May under the title "Certain Contemporaries." The volume will contain illustrated essays on the work of William Glackens, Ernest Lawson, John Sloan, Walter Gay, and Boardman Robinson, besides notes on some masters of water-color,—Sargent, Homer, Hassam, Whistler, and others.

This year's summer meetings of the National Education Association and the American Library Association will occur in successive weeks and in the same neighborhood. The thirty-eighth annual conference of the library association will be held from June 26 to July 1, at Asbury Park, N. J., followed in the next week by the fifty-fourth meeting of the teachers, in New York. Library and educational workers will thus have another opportunity for discussion of common problems. Miss Mary W. Plummer, of the Library School of New York Public Library, is president of the A. L. A., and Mr. George B. Utley, A. L. A. Executive Office, 78 East Washington Street, Chicago, is secretary.

Chronologically arranged, a 76-page catalogue of "Books and Pamphlets Published in Canada" from 1767 to 1837, copies of which are in the Toronto Public Library, is issued by that institution under the editorial supervision of Miss Frances Staton, head of the Reference Department. It is a valuable contribution to Canadian bibliography, and will be followed by others from the same source, as a prefatory note announces. If one were to pass any general criticism on this carefully-prepared list, it would relate to its obviously inexact nature, from the fact that it confines itself to works owned by the Toronto library. A nearer approach to completeness may be attained in subsequent editions.

Valuable work in its field is being accomplished by "The Photo-Miniature," a journal devoted to general photographic information, edited by Mr. John A. Tennant and published by Messrs. Tennant & Ward of New York City. Unlike most periodicals, each issue is a complete monograph in itself, written by a specialist who covers his subject in from ten to fifteen thousand words. For the current year the January and February issues are at hand, dealing respectively with "Failures—and Why: In Negative Making" and "Success with the Pocket Camera." Conciseness of treatment, convenience in size, numerous illustrations, and a price that is only nominal, are attractive features of these little monographs, which should be widely popular among photographers, amateur or professional.

"The Poetry Review of America," a monthly periodical devoted to the interests of American poetry in all its phases, will begin publication early in May, under the editorship of Mr. William Stanley Braithwaite and Mr. Joseph Lebowich. The spirit of the publication, according to its prospectus, "will be one of advancement and

coöperation; the desire to serve the art of poetry and to consolidate public interest in its growth and popularity—to quicken and enlarge the poetic pulse of the country. In this spirit, we propose to our contemporaries in the field a union of effort and mutual encouragement; to the poets of America an open forum and a clearing-house for ways and means to serve the art we all love; to the poetry-reading public of our country we pledge a never-ceasing striving for the best in American poetry, and a constant effort to bring out the strength and joy to be derived therefrom."

The biennial Justin Winsor prize offered by the American Historical Association for the best unpublished monograph in American history will be awarded this year. The monograph must be based upon independent and original investigation in American history, by which is meant the history of any of the British colonies in America to 1783, of other territories, continental or insular, which have since been acquired by the United States, of the United States, and of independent Latin America. It may deal with any aspect of that history—social, political, constitutional, religious, economic, ethnological, military, or biographical, though in the last three instances a treatment exclusively ethnological, military, or biographical would be unfavorably received. The monograph must be submitted on or before July 1. Full details as to the competition may be obtained from the chairman of the Justin Winsor Prize Committee,—Professor Carl Russell Fish of the University of Wisconsin.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, containing 134 titles, includes books received by THE DIAL since its last issue.]

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

- Charles Francis Adams, 1835-1915:** An Autobiography. With photogravure portrait, large 8vo, 324 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$3.
Nights: Rome, Venice, in the Æsthetic Eighties, and London, Paris, in the Fighting Nineties. By Elizabeth Robins Pennell; illustrated by Joseph Pennell and others. 8vo, 196 pages. J. B. Lippincott Co. \$3.
The Revolution in Virginia. By H. J. Eckenrode. Ph. D. 8vo, 311 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$2.
Abraham Lincoln. By Daniel E. Wheeler. Illustrated, 12mo, 224 pages. "True Stories of Great Americans." Macmillan Co. 50 cts.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- The Twentieth Century Mollere:** Bernard Shaw. By Augustin Hamon; translated from the French by Eden and Cedar Paul. Large 8vo, 322 pages. F. A. Stokes Co. \$2.50.
A Study of Gawain and the Green Knight. By George Lyman Kittredge. 8vo, 323 pages. Harvard University Press. \$2.
Rudyard Kipling: A Literary Appreciation. By R. Thurston Hopkins. Illustrated, 8vo, 357 pages. F. A. Stokes Co. \$3.50.
Russian Folk-Tales. Translated from the Russian, with introduction and notes, by Leonard A. Magnus. L.L.B. 8vo, 356 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.
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